

The Sketch

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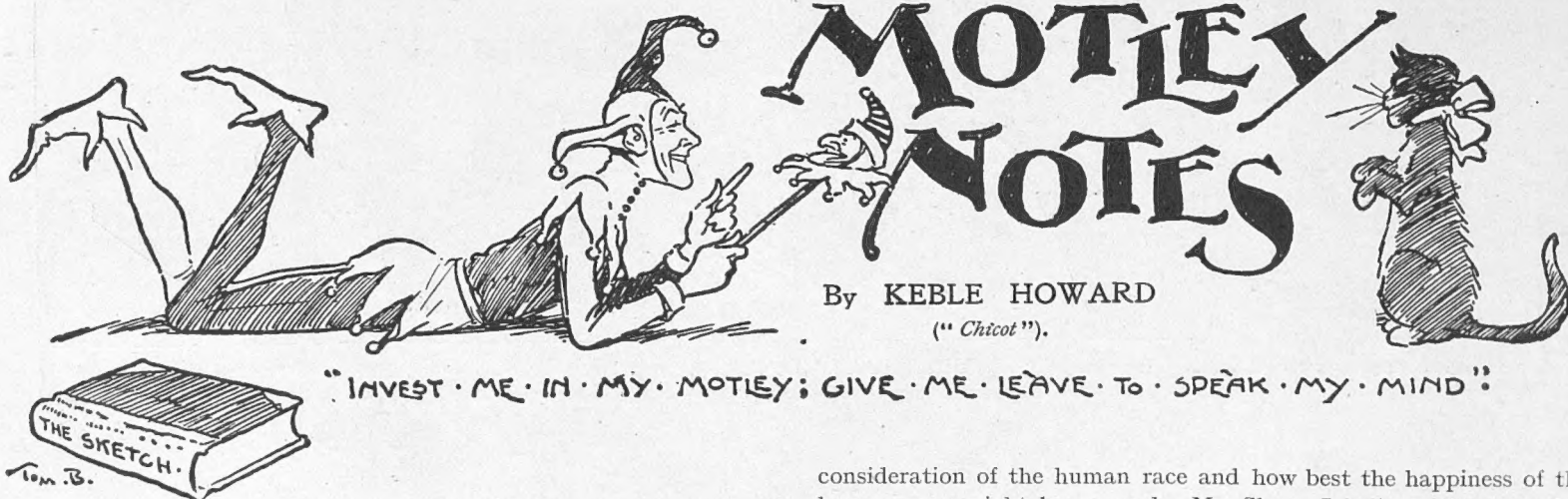
SIXPENCE.



NATURE DECEIVES HERSELF. FLOWERS PICKED IN THE OPEN WHEN THE YEAR CAME IN LIKE A LAMB

Our correspondent writes, dating his letter in the first week of this month: "Finding nearly thirty outdoor plants and shrubs in flower in my garden this morning, I photographed some as a record of this phenomenal season. The group includes not only such late autumn flowers as chrysanthemums, and the early spring aconite, crocus, primrose, and violet, but even wallflowers, roses, and anemones—an astonishing collection for mid-winter. Seen in the photograph are roses, wallflowers, jasmine, aconites, snowdrops, crocuses, winter heliotrope, chrysanthemums, white Daphne, arabis, anemones, Corinola, primroses, laurustinus, violets, gentian, periwinkle, barberry, winter rose, and pyrethrum. I could have added eight or ten more varieties, but did not care to gather flowers of which there was but one blossom."

Photograph by John H. Willis, Norwich.



Kill-Joy Shaw. Mr. Bernard Shaw seems to be developing into a kill-joy. He has asked people not to laugh at his plays, and he has tried to frighten us out of eating meat by assuring us that butcher's meat is "terror-poisoned." Personally, I think that to eat meat first and laugh afterwards help to make life very jolly and comfortable. Life ought to be jolly and comfortable; Mr. Shaw seems anxious to make it jolly uncomfortable. I believe he has another theory that nobody should ever be contented. It is quite easy to understand that point of view, just as it is quite easy to understand any point of view, but there is not the least difficulty in confuting any of Mr. Shaw's arguments.

This business, for example, of laughter in the theatre. Mr. Shaw says that laughter from the audience interrupts the play. It does nothing of the sort. The laughter of the audience is an actual part of a true comedy, and the most valuable part. The laughter of the audience has exactly the same relation to a play as the lights on the stage have to the scene. A comedy played without laughter would be just as incomplete as a play played in pitch-darkness. If Mr. Shaw really thinks that the audience should not take part in the play—which I doubt—he has not the real sense of the theatre. The dramatist who writes *at* his audience and not *with* them lacks the real sense of the theatre. A play is a conspiracy on the part of author, players, and audience to reconstruct life as it happens outside the theatre. Woe to the dramatist and the players if the audience refuse to collaborate!

Enjoy Your Meat. Having preserved our right to laugh, let us try to preserve our healthy enjoyment of good meat. I am no pathologist myself, but I have read with great satisfaction, in one of my daily papers, two letters from people who really know what they are talking about.

The first is Dr. Leonard Hill, of the London Hospital Medical College. Dr. Hill says: "We must not ascribe to cattle those human terrors which are transmitted from man to man by the spoken and written word. If we cease to breed cattle for food, we cannot raise them in sufficient numbers to secure milk and cheese, hides and leather, wool and cloth, gelatine and glue, etc. The industry and comfort of man would then suffer in a thousand ways. The investigations of Professor McCay, recently published, on the races of India show that those who as children eat plenty of animal protein develop into vigorous, fine men. The feeble, subservient races live chiefly on vegetable food."

I hope Mr. Shaw will note that. I hope he has also read the letter from Mr. W. M. Scott, F.R.C.V.S. (which means Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons). Mr. Scott says: "I wonder who the huntsmen were who informed Mr. Shaw 'that the flesh of an animal which dies a violent death in desperate terror is poisonous.' It would be very interesting from a physiological, pathological, and economic point of view to know how an excited cerebral centre is capable of producing an appreciable quantity of systemic poison so that the individual consuming such 'poisonous flesh' is liable to suffer from 'malignant disease.'"

In Praise of Contentment.

For my part, those two letters are quite sufficient to preserve for me the healthy enjoyment of good meat. Now let us look into

Mr. Shaw's oft-repeated and oft-quoted theory that contentment is the surest enemy of progress.

There lived, some years ago, a person of the name of Aristotle. This gentleman devoted a great deal of time and labour to the

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

consideration of the human race and how best the happiness of the human race might be secured. Mr. Shaw, I believe, thinks rather well of his predecessor's works; at any rate, from internal evidence, as scholars say, one may fairly conclude that Mr. Shaw is not above taking a hint or two from Aristotle.

In a little treatise entitled the "Nicomachean Ethics," Aristotle was at some pains to discover the highest form of living—that is, the happiest form and the form that might reasonably be supposed to bring one nearest to the immortal gods. At what conclusion did this person arrive? Did he urge his public to be for ever kicking against the unalterable laws of the universe? Certainly not. "Happiness," he said, "is held to consist in repose. For we busy ourselves in order that we may enjoy repose, and we wage war that we may live at peace. . . . From that which has life, take away action, and, still more, production, and what is left except speculation? So that the activity of God, with its surpassing blessedness, must be in the way of contemplation. And among human activities, of course, that which is most akin to this will be most conducive to happiness."

Aristotle on Animal Happiness.

The naughty old man even anticipated Mr. Shaw on the animal question. "We have an indication of this," he went on blandly, "in the fact that the lower animals do not share in happiness, being absolutely deprived of this sort of activity. For to the gods their whole life is blessed, and to men just in so far as there exists in them some resemblance to this sort of activity; but none of the lower animals is happy, since they in no way partake in contemplation; so far, therefore, as contemplation extends, so far also does happiness, and where the power of contemplation is possessed in a higher degree, there also is the capacity for happiness, not incidentally, but in virtue of the contemplation. So that happiness must be a sort of contemplation."

I would willingly hand it out to you and to Mr. Shaw, friend the reader, in the original Greek, were it not for the fact that Greek type, unless I am misinformed, costs one shilling per word to set, and my Editor would probably run his horrid blue pencil through the lot. At any rate, if we have satisfied each other, despite Mr. Shaw, that we have the right, when the day's work is done, to eat a good dinner, go to the theatre, and enjoy a healthy laugh, I shall not have vainly soared for once into these intellectual altitudes.

The Country in Winter.

I am rather sorry for people who shun the country in winter—sorry, not in a priggish way, but because they cannot really enjoy the delights of spring and summer unless they have lived with Nature through the stormy days of winter. Just as an adopted child can never be quite as much to the parents as a child of their own, so the country in leaf and blossom can never mean so much to those who come to it and find it ready-made, so to speak, as it is when you have lived out the winds, and the rains, and the frosts along with the rose-trees and the bulbs.

Besides, the country has an invigorating quality in the winter months that it lacks in the summer months.

The real countryman never complains of too much heat in the summer. He has earned his sunshine, and he revels in the reward. Moreover, braced by a winter in the fresh, keen air, he can stand any amount of heat.

One cannot help suspecting that those who shun the country in winter have no real love for the country, pure and simple, at all.

Not that it *really* matters.

A RUMOURED DUCAL MATCH: SUBJECT OF REPORT AND DENIAL.



ANOTHER VICTIM OF APPENDICITIS: LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, WHO IT WAS SAID WAS ENGAGED TO THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY, SON OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

There was a rumour that Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, was engaged to the Marquess of Granby, only son of the Duke of Rutland, and it was stated that the formal announcement was merely being withheld owing to the indisposition of the prospective bride, who was operated upon for appendicitis only a few days ago, and at the moment of writing is lying ill at Sutherland House. The Marquess of Granby, who was born in September 1886, is an honorary attaché in the diplomatic service. Lady Rosemary was born in 1893. On the Thursday of last week appeared the following: "The announcement of the engagement of Lord Granby to Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower which has appeared in the Press is entirely without official sanction, and there is no question of any engagement at present."—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]

THE GERALD DU MAURIERS: A PAIR OF CHARMING PORTRAITS.



1. ANGELA, DAPHNE, AND JEANNE, DAUGHTERS OF MR. GERALD DU MAURIER, AND HIS WIFE, MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT.

2. MRS. GERALD DU MAURIER (MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT) AND HER CHILDREN.

Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, now playing in "Doormats," and without question one of the most popular actors on the London stage, is a son of the late George Du Maurier, the famous "Punch" artist and the author of "Trilby," and was born on March 26, 1873. He was educated at Harrow. He made his first appearance on the stage at the Garrick Theatre, in January of 1894. Miss Muriel Beaumont, well known as an actress, is Mrs. Gerald Du Maurier. She first appeared on the stage in April 1898, at the Haymarket, in a silent part in "The Little Minister."—[Photographs by Rita Martin.]

AT LORD HUNTINGDON'S: LADY KATHLEEN HASTINGS, DRAMATIST.



1. IN LADY KATHLEEN HASTINGS' PLAY, "AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY", SIR HARRY MAINWARING, MISS ENID FISHER, LADY KATHLEEN HASTINGS, THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, SIR EDWARD NAYLOR-LEYLAND, AND LADY NORAH HASTINGS.

2. THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON AND VISCOUNT HASTINGS.

3. IN HER OWN PLAY: LADY KATHLEEN HASTINGS AS MRS. ALLENDALE.

4. LADY NORAH HASTINGS AND MR. DOUGLAS BEECH.

There was presented last week at Lindley Hall, the Nuneaton seat of the Earl of Huntingdon, a new play, by Lady Kathleen Hastings, which bears the title "An Unknown Quantity." In it appeared the author (who played the part of Mrs. Allendale, the widow from the United States around whose manoeuvres towards marrying a youthful millionaire the chief interest in the piece centres), the Countess of Huntingdon, Viscount Hastings, Lady Norah Hastings, Lady Marian Hastings, and others. Lady Kathleen, who was born in 1893, is the Earl of Huntingdon's eldest daughter; Lady Norah, born in 1894, is his second daughter; Lady Marian, born in 1895, is his third daughter. Viscount Hastings, his only son, was born in January 1901.—Sir Harry Mainwaring, the fifth Baronet, was born in 1878, and succeeded his father in 1906. He is a J.P. for Cheshire.—Sir Edward Naylor-Leyland, second Baronet of a creation dating from 1895, was born in December 1890.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

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The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty (from Oct. 9, 1912 to
Jan. 1, 1913) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY, deserting the class of play in which
he has earned his popularity, is presenting at the Apollo
Theatre a three-act farce by Mr. "George A. Birmingham,"
called "General John Regan," a great part of which is quite funny.
It will remind playgoers of the pieces presented at the Court by the
Irish players, since it gives a picture of Irish village life, drawn,
not according to the English stage convention, but from life—
with exaggeration. In fact, despite the extravagance permissible in
farce, it is a really clever picture of a group of villagers of the
Catholic community, though it should be added that, in a kind of
effort at impartiality, the author makes fun, to some extent, of the
existing system of government. The actual story of the way in which
the inhabitants of Ballymoy were "spoofed" into erecting a monument
to a local hero who never existed is not strong enough in itself for
the length at which it is treated; consequently, though a great deal
of the play is clever and amusing, much of it falls flat. Some
scenes, no doubt, hang fire because the acting is unsatisfactory, for
Mr. Charles Hawtreay is out of his element in the long and difficult
part of Lucius O'Grady, and acts with little "lift" and sense of
character. The performance of the company, as a whole, lacks the
concentration and air of sincerity so valuable in the work of the
Irish players. There was, however, some quite clever acting by
Mr. Leonard Boyne in a low-comedy part, and by Mr. W. G. Fay
and Mr. Vane Tempest; also by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Miss
Gladys Ffolliott.

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"THE MOST UNFETTERED CITY IN EUROPE": BERLIN BY DAY AND NIGHT.

A Journey to Berlin.

It is quite an easy journey to go to Berlin nowadays. I left London, in rain, at nine in the morning, found the Channel in peaceable mood, and lunched in comfort in the cabin of the *Princesse Henriette*, one of the old paddle-boats, but broad of beam and steady. The half-hour that I had to occupy at Ostend before the Nord Express left I spent in wandering about the new Maritime Station. Bruges we passed in the gloaming, the station being liberally plastered with big posters, advertising the exhibition which is to be held this summer, and then all the other towns were constellations of lights in the dark night. The train was comfortably empty, and I had a sleeping-cabin to myself, and woke to find the streets of Berlin at sunrise white with hoar-frost.

A Capital in its Best Clothes.

From my window in the Hotel Adlon I can see over the intervening roofs the imperial flag flying over one of the palaces in the Wilhelm Strasse. I think the Crown Prince is in residence there, and I constantly hear the sound of the key bugle, which is a warning to the police to stop all traffic to make way for the automobile of the Kaiser or one of the princes. Last night, going to the theatre, my taxi-cab was stopped at a crossing, for the bugle was heard in the distance. First there flashed past an auto, with an illuminated device by the box seat. The device seemed as though it might be an illuminated flag, but I had only a fraction of a second in which to look at it, for it had passed at the pace of an express train, with the three automobiles behind it, on the box-seat of one of which sat a servant sounding the bugle. The Kaiser is at the palace, and all his generals commanding army corps came to Berlin to offer their good wishes for the New Year. All the high officers of the army and navy—the navy is the junior service in Germany—dined together in the banquetting-room of the Adlon Hotel, and the lounge of the hotel afterwards looked like the great scene of some Drury Lane melodrama, for I have never seen, off the stage, so many splendid uniforms gathered together at one time. And civilian Berlin, as well as official Berlin, is in its best clothes, for any good burgher would think it unpatriotic, should he receive a bow from his Emperor, not to have a tall silk hat to take off.

A Wonder City.

Berlin is always a city of wonder to me, for there is no other capital in the world in which the buildings are so uniformly fine. I drove out to Wilmersdorf, one of the new towns to the west, which form Greater Berlin, to lunch with a friend, and after leaving the Tiergarten Strasse (the Park Lane of Berlin), drove some two-and-a-half miles through streets of splendid residential buildings. In Berlin, when a landlord puts up a house of flats, his idea is not to build cheaper than any rival landlord, but to erect a building that shall be more magnificent than any other in the neighbourhood. I could not well ask my friend what rent he paid for his flat in Wilmersdorf, but I should have liked to compare its price with that I pay for a flat near Regent's Park, of about the same size. This Wilmersdorf house of flats was adorned with really fine stone carving on its street face, and some very good gilt bas-reliefs were let into the wall of the staircase as ornaments. I should have appreciated these more had they not been gilt; but German taste demands more gorgeousness than does the more staid fancy of France and England. One inconvenience from which the dwellers in Charlottenburg and Wilmersdorf suffer is that the night resorts—the cabarets and dancing-halls which are such a blot on Berlin of to-day—which open at 11 p.m. and close at 4 a.m., are moving westwards from the city to the outer municipalities. The rates in the new towns are lighter on such resorts, and the proprietors find that the German "nuts" who wish to sit up till the small hours do not mind paying large taxi-fares.



DESTROYED BY FIRE: LANGLEY PARK, BECKENHAM, HEADQUARTERS OF THE PARK LANGLEY GOLF CLUB, WHICH HAS BEEN BURNT, WITH A FINE, PAINTED ADAM CEILING.

Last week, Langley Park, that fine Kentish mansion which has been used for some while as the headquarters of the Park Langley Golf Club, was practically destroyed by fire. No trace is left of the fine Adam ceiling, with its twenty paintings. It is believed that the mansion dated from 1451; but that is the year of the death of the last of the Langley family, who acquired Langley Park in the time of Edward III. It is asserted that the park, in which there is now a Garden City, was originally amongst the possessions of Bishop Odo, of Bayeux.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



AN ANNUAL CEREMONY: CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE AT DRURY LANE ON TWELFTH NIGHT—MR. HARRY NICHOLLS OFFICIATING.

Robert Baddeley, born probably in 1733, died in 1794, and left the interest of one hundred pounds to provide wine and cake for the actors of Drury Lane Theatre on Twelfth Night. Formerly Samuel Foote's cook, he went on the stage before 1761. He was the original Moses in "The School for Scandal," and it is believed that he was the last actor to wear the uniform of scarlet and gold prescribed for the "gentlemen of the household" who were patented actors. In the photograph may be seen, amongst others, and still in their make-ups, Miss Florence Smithson, Mr. George Graves, the Poluski Brothers, Mr. Will Evans, and Miss Renée Mayer.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

The Berlin Night Life.

Berlin, nowadays, rivals London and Paris in the number of her theatres. There are thirty-two on the official list, besides a host of variety theatres and circuses. The official list takes little notice of the cabarets, and only includes dancing-halls which combine a variety performance with a "reunion." The passion of the young Berliners for sitting up late and dancing till the dawn is near has provoked an agitation amongst the older and steadier Berliners. This night life, they argue, unfits any young man who habitually indulges in it for business. It will be curious if Berlin, which is now the most unfettered city in Europe, asks its municipality to adopt an early-closing regulation on the London model.



THE Speaker, while disallowing a discussion on Sir Sydney Olivier's fondness for "loafing and dilettantism," may well have been pleased to remember his own discretion in the matter of making public the nature of his amusements. When his proof came from "Who's Who" Mr. Lowther sent it back with nothing but a dash in the space allotted "Recreations." Mr. Churchill also leaves a blank; and Mr. Asquith is quite in order with the monosyllabic answer "golf." Mr. Birrell's "book-hunting and pedestrianism" comes very near Sir Sydney's suspect "loafing and dilettantism," but the Augustinian choice of words is the discreeter.

Serendipity. "Dilettantism" and "book-hunting" become wholly respectable in the case of Lord Crewe, who is described as "Collector of books: owns 32,000 volumes." Another word for the same pursuit is "serendipity;" but the gentleman who uses it in "Who's Who" has puzzled everybody unacquainted with Horace Walpole's Letters. "Is it for indoors or out-of-doors? We have tried everything from polo to bumble-puppy, and are anxious to learn your new game," writes an officer in India. Alas! serendipity is not for the hill-stations; it needs a Charing Cross Road.



ENGAGED TO MISS D. DODSWORTH:
MR. G. H. MILLAR.

Mr. Millar is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Millar of Boxmoor, Herts, and a grandson of the late George du Maurier.

Photograph by Langflier.

engagement. Although on the point of twenty, she had hitherto escaped both episodes. Happily, they are quickly remedied; and if the first days of her convalescence threatened to be somewhat tedious, the necessity of meeting the situation created by a premature paragraph in the papers was at any rate as amusing as a jigsaw puzzle.

Lady Rosemary at Rose Marina. Lady Rosemary is a pretty girl, and not unlike one of the most lovely of Englishwomen, her mother. Since her debut in a world of compliments she has often been told of the resemblance which she herself, as one of the Duchess's most enthusiastic



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY AND HIS WIFE: LORD AND LADY WILLINGDON.

It was announced the other day that Lord Willingdon had been appointed Governor of Bombay in succession to Sir George Sydenham Clarke, who was raised to the Peerage in the New Year Honours List, and, it is understood, will take the title of Lord Sydenham. Lord Willingdon, who will begin his new duties in April, is in his forty-seventh year. As Mr. Freeman Freeman-Thomas he was well known in the House of Commons as M.P. for Hastings and for Bodmin. He was created a Baron in 1910. In 1892, he married Lady Marie Adelaide Brassey, daughter of Earl Brassey. He has been A.D.C. to the Governor of Victoria (Lord Brassey) and a Junior Lord of the Treasury. Last year he was appointed a Lord-in-Waiting to the King.

Photograph by Topical.

Diversions of the Sick-Room. Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower

had two adventures last week—an operation for appendicitis, and the first rumour of an

enough. The Baroness de Meyer, one of the most conspicuous of figures on the evening of the Farandole, was a friend of the painter, and she appears in two of the more important pictures at the Leicester Galleries.

Black is White. The personal appearance of foreigners is often a block, and

admirers, generally roundly denies. "Have you told my mother so, too?" she mocks when the pretty speech is served up in its more egregious forms. As soon as the surgeons give permission, Lady Rosemary goes away with the Duke to recuperate among the roses of the Villa Rose Marina at Mentone.

Io-Conder, the Newest Woman.

Somebody has been saying again that the Aubrey Beardsley type still wanders in Bond Street at the fashionable hour, and that at every dance her pale face droops upon her partner's shoulder. We thought she had died with the nineteenth century, and that other ideals were established. With the advent of the Ladies Manners, certainly, a fresher mood prevailed. Lady Diana and her sister threw over Beardsley for Botticelli! To trace another type to its lair one must go to the Conder exhibition. At the Private View half-a-dozen damsels wore the Conder colours and the Conder expression; and if one of the painted figures seemed more than another to typify the lady of 1913—and particularly the lady who masquerades at the Albert Hall—the explanation is simple



ENGAGED TO MR. G. H. MILLAR:
MISS D. DODSWORTH.

Miss Dodsworth is the daughter of the late Mr. F. C. S. Dodsworth, and a niece of (Blanche) Lady Smith-Dodsworth.

Photograph by Langflier.



ENGAGED TO MR. STEPHEN HENDERSON: MISS MAUDE BROWN.

Miss Brown is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brown, of York House, Kensington. Mr. Henderson is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Henderson, of The Riding, Hexham, Northumberland.—*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*

sometimes a stumbling-block, to English beholders. Hence hardly an English drawing-room holds a tea-table but has heard during the last few weeks the remark that must have been once original, "These Montegregrin braves can never be my heroes—they are so like Ouida's." And even worse things might be heard at a Bond Street barber's the other day, where a cutter confided to a client of the scissors that there is not much to choose between "these Turks and Monte-negroes." The Montegregrin delegate had to look hastily into the mirror to assure himself that he was not black—not blacker, at any rate, than London soot was trying to make him.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



THE SILVER-AND-GOLD CHESTER CUP, WON IN THE 'FORTIES BY THE LATE SIR EDMUND BUCKLEY, FOR SUCCESSFULLY KIDDING A WELSH AUCTIONEER THAT IT WAS A BRONZE VASE.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

MR. OWEN—FOR WINNING THE CHESTER CUP BY A BID OF THREE POUNDS.



MR. BARRINGTON KENNETT—THE WELL-KNOWN MILITARY AIRMAN, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Photograph by Topical.



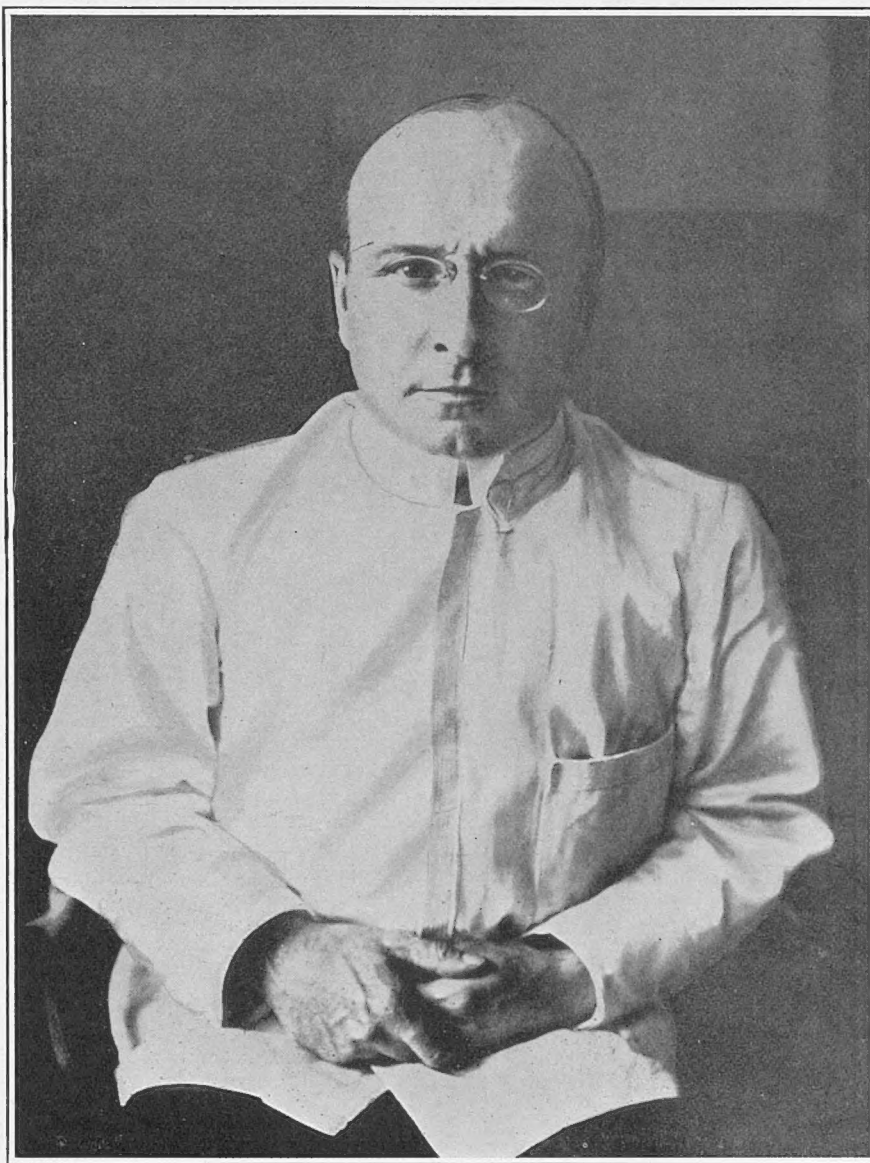
"MR. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM"—FOR WRITING A PLAY IN WHICH THE TITLE-CHARACTER DOES NOT EXIST.

Photograph by Russell.



"PRINCESS EUGENIE PALAEOLOGOS"—FOR HER CLAIM TO BE HAILED AS EMPRESS OF THE AEGEAN ISLES.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



DR. ALEXIS CARREL—FOR DISCOVERING THAT A CAT'S HEART AND STOMACH WILL REMAIN ALIVE FOR THIRTEEN HOURS AFTER THE REST OF THE CAT IS DEAD.

Photograph by Topical.

Mr. Owen, of the White Lion Hotel, Bala, Merionethshire, recently bought for £3 a so-called "bronze" vase at an auction sale at Plas, Dinas Mawddwy, Pwllheli, the residence of Sir Edmund Buckley. On examining his purchase, Mr. Owen found traces of brighter metal beneath, and the vase was found to be of solid silver and gold. It turned out to be the Chester Cup won by the present Baronet's father in 1842.—Mr. Barrington Kennett, the well-known military airman, is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, and Adjutant of the Royal Flying Corps. He recently married Miss Violet Hargreaves. Last year he won the Mortimer-Singer £500 prize, and made a world's record duration flight with a passenger.—"General John Regan," a new Irish comedy by "George A. Birmingham," was produced at the Apollo on the 9th, with Mr. Charles Hawtrey in the principal part. General John Regan, though he gives his name to the play, is non-existent. "George A. Birmingham" is the pseudonym of the Rev. J. O. Hannay, under which he has written several well-known novels.—"Princess Eugenie Palaeologos," who lives in West Kensington, is the widow of a British Colonel, and daughter of Theodore Cristoforo Palaeologos. Her father was descended from one Gattalusio Gustiniani Palaeologos, Prince of Genoa, who married a daughter of an Emperor of Constantinople, and was made by him, it is alleged, ruler of the islands of Chios, Mitylene, Lemnos, and Imbros. They were held by the family till the Turks captured them in 1514. If the islands are now declared neutral, "Princess Eugenie" claims to be made their ruler.—Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, New York, has recently conducted some extraordinary surgical experiments. He removed in a mass the heart, stomach, and other organs of a cat, and enabled the organs to fulfil their functions for thirteen hours. Dr. Carrel was recently awarded a Nobel prize for his researches.



THE PLAY OF THE THREE PERIODS: "MILESTONES."

Reminiscences.

Well indeed do I remember those grand old days of 1860, and also of 1885, and also of 1912. They are gone now, and I shall never see their like again; but I can always go to "Milestones," and blinking across time through happy tears, live them out again. 1860 was it, or 1861? Yes, I remember well: it was the year the House of Lords threw out the Budget—or was it the paper duties? Pardon the vague and misty wanderings of an old man's mind. When I think of it all I weep for joy. Old John Hollingshead was at the Gaiety then; Oliver Goldsmith had just added the finishing touches to "The School for Scandal"; and Nell Gwynne—dear little Nelly, we used to call her, we bloods, or nuts—was giving her famous imitations of Julia Neilson at Drury Lane. I was a strapping youth then, and wore a tie that went twice round my collar, and left nothing for the laundress to trouble about at the top! I remember my friend John Rhead wore just such a tie—cravats, we called them. I saw two only the other day, and they stirred the blood in my veins. We went together to the Thames Ironworks to see the "Warrior" launched (or going into liquidation, as the expression now is) *Eheu, fugaces, eheu, eheu!* It was a noble sight. I remember going back to the Editor of *The Sketch*—a strapping youth he was, and wore a tie that went three times round and had enough over for his waist—and suggesting that he should request me to write a really funny account of it, with pictures illustrating the event. "Pictures!"

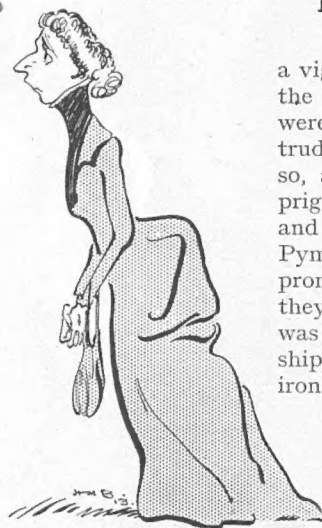


1885: MR. STANLEY
LOGAN AS LORD
MONKHURST.
CARICATURED BY H. M.
BATEMAN.

he gasped (forgetting, in his excitement, to make any sarcastic allusion to the probable standard of humour of the account)—"pictures!" he gasped, "in a paper! The thing is unthinkable. Bless my soul, Sir, the day that there is a picture in *The Sketch*, that day I eat my hat." And so I leave him at his lunch.

Trouble at the Rheads'.

When I got to the Rheads'—having promised to look in for a vigorous bout of *bélique*—I found much the same sort of trouble going on. They were all there, John and his sister Gertrude (I liked Gertrude; she spoke out so, and always made me cry), and that prig Sam Sibley, with his side-whiskers, and his sister Rose, and that young ass Pym: and all engagements were being promptly cancelled—"official scratching" they used to call it; but that, I think, was later. The trouble was about iron ships: they do stick in the mud so, do iron-founders and editors. I myself sided with John, being always of an enterprising nature. In 1912, for instance, I was the first to suggest the possibility of passengers and luggage being conveyed to New York by wireless. But I anticipate; we were then discussing whether iron would float, and I was sorry that Gertrude lost Sam



1885: MISS HAIDÉE WRIGHT
AS GERTRUDE RHEAD.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

over the question, bumptious fellow though he was. The discussion was interrupted by a scuffle at the door, which being suddenly flung open, disclosed two mysterious figures with notebooks, struggling for the keyhole. One was white with potter's clay and had a return ticket to Burslem or Hanley or some such place; the other had an unmistakable air of having come from somewhere in the direction of the West Indian plantations. Who they were we knew not. They have haunted me and the Rheads and the Sibleys for fifty years, on and off; and I only discovered their names the other day. Bennett, the one was called, and (curiously enough) Knoblauch the other; but which was which?

All I know is that, whichever was the one, the other must surely have been the other.

Time Passes.

Ah, me! How daring we thought the new cloak that Gertrude wore! Rose, on the other hand, was always a timid sort of creature in her crinoline and lace; and the years that took the stiffness out of her skirt put none of it into her character. It all went into her descendants, whose skirts became less stiff than ever. I was glad John married her: if he hadn't, I believe she would have collapsed altogether. It was the way of women in those days. We men, I remember, thought it an admirable feature of the feminine character. It made many things so easy. Anybody who has had anything to do with an obstinate female of the present day will understand. Even Gertrude, whom we thought firm, as



1885: "AH COOM FRA YORK-SHIRE", MISS ESMÉ HUBBARD
AS NANCY SIBLEY.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Looking Backwards.

How eighteen-sixty is the very name of Rose!—how eighty-five the name of Emily!—and is not Muriel so exactly nineteen-twelve? We call our daughters now Peter and John and James, as the case may be, according as they look it: but there was much to be said for those Muriels, Emilys, and Roses. Pardon these incoherent ramblings of an obsolete veteran, but it all came back to me so vivid as I looked on through tears of ecstasy, thanking Bennett and Knoblauch, thanking Dennis Eadie and Haidée Wright, and all the rest of them, and wondering why I had never noticed before that life in 1860 and in 1885, and also in 1912, was a thing so gloriously beautiful to see.



1885: MR. STANLEY LOGAN AS LORD MONKHURST, AND MISS EVELYN
WEEDEN AS EMILY RHEAD.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



1912: A PROUD MOTHER,
MISS ESMÉ HUBBARD
AS NANCY SIBLEY.
CARICATURED BY H. M.
BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "MILESTONES." FOR SALE.



THE PLAY OF THE THREE PERIODS: MR. DENNIS EADIE AS JOHN RHEAD AND MISS ALICE LEIGH AS ROSE SIBLEY, IN 1860.

"Milestones" continues its most successful career. Need it be said now that it is by Messrs. Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



LORD ROSEBERY.

"VERY gay and smart. I like him much. Have promised to go to 'The Durdans,' near Epsom, his favourite place."

So wrote Matthew Arnold a quarter of a century ago. At Eton, where he boarded at Carter's, Lord Rosebery had been known for a correct, placid sort of boy, not given to hard work. Many years later his Lordship was told by a cottager's daughter with whom he talked over lesson-books, that he "wudna pass the fifth standard." At Oxford he was affable and kind; excelled at football; was the champion, against the dons, of certain convivial privileges, and still did not kill himself with learning. But he learnt "to be very gay and smart," and, to his credit, kept those qualities even after subsequent years of real work. He keeps them still.

lower the average! Having apologised for opening the particular library of the week, he proceeds to apologise for the library itself, for all libraries, for all books. And it all comes back to the sense of personal shame that is strong within him: he is himself an author.

Apologia Pro Vita Sua.

He apologises for his very existence. "May the 7th," he once wrote, "is a day of private fasting and humiliation for me, a domestic tragedy, the *mise en scène* of which is the bosom of my family. On that melancholy day I decorate my few remaining hairs with ashes. In short, it is my birthday!" He apologises for his wealth; indeed, he denies it. "I have brought my purse—my shrunken purse," he said the other day, with the smile of a Poor Brave Thing, to a lady of his acquaintance who had asked him to visit her stall at a London bazaar.



YOUNGER OF LORD ROSEBERY'S SONS: THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE.

Mr. Neil Primrose, who was born in December 1882, has been M.P. (L) for the Wisbech Division of Cambridgeshire since 1910. In 1911 he was appointed a member of the Home Office Inquiry into the Isle of Man Constitution. He is a County Alderman for London.

Photograph by Russell.

in the House of Lords. The first evening Herschell took his seat on the Woolsack, the big guns addressed the Assembly. "Now you have heard the worst," said Rosebery, slipping over to his colleague to offer comfort. And only the other day he told the Boy Scouts that they could do nothing more useful in life than assist in a campaign for the Suppression of Long Speeches. It is the one common jest he indulges. He points the finger of derision at the speech-maker as ruthlessly as Mr. George Robey jerks a ribald thumb at mothers-in-law.

Humility.

"Never apologise," is good advice to the humble. To the mighty such counsel may be reversed. Lord Rosebery, who hates all pedestals, always apologises. When he opens a flower-show in Scotland

Speech-Making.

He is happier over his neat sayings than over his great speeches. About a great speech he has the feeling that it may be a bore. He was never born for office: a yawn or two hurt him more than a Government defeat. As severe on other speakers as on himself, he was admittedly the chief authority on bores



A NEW CAPTAIN! THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., P.C., K.T.

It was announced the other day that the style of Captain had been conferred on the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, giving them precedence immediately after Captains in the Royal Navy. Lord Rosebery thus becomes a Captain and adds to his service titles: he is Honorary Colonel (V.D.) of the 10th (Cyclists) Battalion Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment); of the 1st Lowland Brigade, R.F.A. (T.); and of the 7th Battalion Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment); while he is also a Brigadier-General of the Royal Company of Archers. There is a rumour—wild—that he is to re-enter the arena of politics.

Photograph by Fervard.

he comments on the fallacy, lurking in the staunch Scottish intellect, that such shows need opening at all. If they must be opened, the man to do it is the gatekeeper, he explains. He is equally humble when acting as an inaugurator for Mr. Carnegie. Twenty-two hundred libraries, according to Lord Rosebery's reading of the figures, have been founded by the millionaire. For every library, an opening speech; for every average speech, ten platitudes! Such is Lord Rosebery's calculation; but how careful is he, when he is the speaker, to

"Three in Suffolk."

His poverty, he would say, is proved by the extent of his possessions. A list of his acres, recently set forth, includes three in Suffolk, 7000 in Linlithgowshire, 18,500 in Midlothian, 5500 in Bucks, 500 in Herts, 170 in Kent. There is a certain boastfulness in the first entry; with so little land there he can be counted a rich man at any rate in Suffolk. Of past riches there are many records. It was said that when, just before her marriage in 1878, Lady Rosebery's account at the Bank of England was made up, the books showed one million three hundred thousand Consols to her credit. An even greater match had been talked of. After a courtly encounter with Queen Victoria in Windsor Park, it was rumoured that her Majesty looked upon his Lordship as a desirable son-in-law.

The Solitary Furrow.

Election he reminded everybody of his enviable position. While politicians were, as he said, making night and day hideous with their vociferations, and the

morning and evening papers unreadable, he could examine his golf-clubs, or turn the pages of the "Turf Guide." Not that he plays golf. He has never brought himself to try a game that finds such favour at Westminster. But it happens that he has a set of clubs, the gift of an ambitious club, and he would rather sit all day with them in some solitary pavilion on the links, most people think, than rejoin the hubbub of Party.



ELDER OF LORD ROSEBERY'S SONS: LORD DALMENY.

Lord Dalmeny was born on Jan. 8, 1882. He was formerly in the Grenadier Guards. From 1906 to 1910 he was Member (L) for Edinburghshire. In 1909, he married Dorothy Alice Margaret Augusta, daughter of Lord Henry George Grosvenor.

Photograph by Bassano.

There is one thing for which Lord Rosebery never apologises. At the last General



ELDER OF LORD ROSEBERY'S DAUGHTERS: LADY SYBIL GRANT.

Lady Sybil's marriage to Captain Charles John Cecil Grant, of the Coldstream Guards, took place in 1903. Lady Sybil Grant was born in 1879.

Photograph by Langfer.



YOUNGER OF LORD ROSEBERY'S DAUGHTERS: THE MARCHIONESS OF CREWE.

Lady Margaret Primrose, who was born in 1881, married the Marquess of Crewe, as his second wife, in 1899.

Photograph by Lattie Charles.

AN IMPORTANT BETROTHAL: LORD ROBERTS' DAUGHTER ENGAGED.



TO BE MARRIED: LADY EDWINA ROBERTS AND MAJOR HENRY FREDERICK ELLIOTT LEWIN, R.F.A.

Particular interest attaches to the engagement of Lady Edwina Roberts (second daughter of Lord Roberts) and Major Lewin, in view of the fact that the title may pass to Lady Edwina and her eldest son if she should have one. It will be remembered that Lord Roberts' last surviving son, the Hon. Frederick Roberts, died of his wounds at Colenso in 1899, and after his death was awarded the Victoria Cross for bravery in that battle. When the Earldom was conferred on Lord Roberts in 1901, a special remainder was granted, in default of male issue, to his elder daughter and her heirs male, and in default of such issue to his younger daughter and her heirs male. His elder daughter, Lady Aileen Mary Roberts, who was born in 1870, is unmarried. Lady Edwina was born in 1875. Her fiancé, Major Henry Frederick Elliott Lewin, who is in the Royal Field Artillery, is the son of Commander Lewin, R.N., and was born in 1872. After serving two years in the Londonderry Artillery Militia, in 1894 he joined the Royal Artillery. In 1900 he became Captain, and the next year joined the Egyptian Army. From 1909 to 1911 he was Military Secretary to the Sirdar, Sir Francis Wingate, and in the latter year was promoted Major. He is now in command of the 142nd Battery, R.F.A., at Bordon.—[Photographs by Fall and Vandyk.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE popularity of the Courts held by their Majesties, however embarrassing for the moment, will not lead to any increase in their number. They inflict, of course, a great strain on the two central figures, neither of whom attaches great importance to functions and formalities which are, nevertheless, too historical and traditional to be lightly abandoned. The crowd of people who have been disappointed of invitations is, on the whole, a very well-behaved crowd; and the lady who said the Lord Chamberlain's notification of "Full House" was no more romantic than an Oxford Street emporium's closed doors during a crowded sale - time was very young, with a smile in her words, and, moreover, an American. "And we are the remnants," she cried, with a sudden mixing of metaphors. As a matter of fact, the Lord Chamberlain has no option but to close the lists against hundreds

of names; and everyone who knows anything knows that Lord Sandhurst admirably fulfils the dictum of Edward VII. that the holder of that high office should be, before all things, "a man of the world and a gentleman."

Now that poets - laureate have fallen on empty days, and even dowagers find their verses "quite ex-austin," Kings must really take to the lyre themselves, even as they did in the Davidian era. The King of Montenegro is quite of that opinion, and he can strike off a stanza with the best of his subjects. When so many ribald lines about royalty pass from mouth to mouth, and to the mere ballad-monger is proverbially assigned

ENGAGED TO LADY BEATRICE CECIL: THE HON. WILLIAM ORMSBY-GORE.

Lady Beatrice Cecil, who was born in 1891, is the elder daughter of Lord Salisbury. Mr. Ormsby-Gore, who is Unionist Member for Denbigh Burghs, is the only son of Lord Harlech. He was born in 1885, and, in addition to having a seat in the House of Commons, is a member of the Canterbury House of Laymen and Lieutenant in the Shropshire Yeomanry.

Photograph by Swaine.

the manufacture of public opinion, the appearing of kings as clients of publishers may be taken as something more than a matter of literary gossip. It becomes, indeed, an affair of state. Let us hope that his Most Fighting Majesty has a Prime Minister worthy of his steel-pen — one who can say to his Sovereign, as Lord Beaconsfield said to Queen Victoria, "We authors . . ."

Royal Rhymes. The verses of our own Royal Family have been, for the most part, hidden away in private albums. Their charm is that they are not marred by the slightest suggestion of being made for publication; they are familiar verses,



CAPTAIN T. H. RIVERS BULKELEY, COMPTROLLER OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S HOUSEHOLD IN CANADA, AND MISS EVELYN PELLY, LADY-IN-WAITING TO THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Captain Rivers Bulkeley, C.M.G., M.V.O., of the Scots Guards, is Equerry to the Duke of Connaught, and has been Comptroller of his Royal Highness's Household in Canada since 1911. He has been A.D.C. to Lord Curzon when Viceroy of India, and Comptroller of his Household, and held the same position in India under Lord Minto. He was born in June 1876, son of Colonel C. Rivers Bulkeley, formerly of the 1st Lifeguards, and for a time manager of the late Empress of Austria's stud. Miss Pelly is a relative of the Earl of Wemyss. — [Photographs by Lafayette and Poole.]



and their authors know it. It was Queen Alexandra's custom to compose a few rhymes for her sons to learn by heart and recite on the late King's birthdays. Only one of those has she allowed to be printed:

FOR PAPA'S BIRTHDAY,
9th NOVEMBER.
Day of pleasure
Brightly dawning,
Take the gift
Of this sweet morning.
Our best hopes
And wishes blending
Must yield joy
That's never ending.

King George cannot complain that the queenly mother made his nursery task too difficult.

The new Orders and Orders. Master of the Household, Sir Derek Keppel, is, fortunately, about the busiest man in London. Were it otherwise, he might be worrying a good deal about the burglary at his house in Buckingham Gate, which in-

flicted on him the loss of many things he and Lady Keppel cared a great deal about, and among the rest, the orders and decorations he had received from his own and foreign Courts. The number of orders of another sort which he has now to receive and to give, in the discharge of his new duties, keeps him from fretting over lost stars and crosses; nor would he be at all penitent if he heard the opinion of a fellow-clubman, "Serve him right—I always sleep in mine." After all, that is rather a question of numbers.

"Boys and Girls."

Several greybeards and their wives were present at Lady Desborough's "boy and girl" party at Taplow, and among the guests

SUCCESSOR TO THE SECOND HOLDER OF THE TITLE: THE NEW DUKE OF ABERCORN.

The new Duke of Abercorn, formerly known as the Marquess of Hamilton, was born in 1869, and was formerly Captain in the 1st Life Guards, and Major of the North Irish Horse. For two years he was Treasurer of the Household, and for nearly twelve years M.P. for Londonderry City. In 1894 he married Lady Rosalind Bingham, daughter of the fourth Earl of Lucan.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



KNIGHTED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR: SIR FREDERICK WILLIAMS-TAYLOR, LONDON MANAGER OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, in addition to being the London representative of the Bank of Montreal, Financial Agents of the Government of the Dominion of Canada, is also a Director of the Allan Line of steamships. He was born at Moncton, New Brunswick, in October 1863, of North of Ireland parentage.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



TO MARRY TO-DAY (JAN. 15): MISS JOAN ADDERLEY AND MR. ALAN HUNTER.

Miss Adderley is the fourth daughter of the Hon. Henry Arden Adderley, eldest of the three brothers of Lord Norton, and was born in 1889. Her father's seat is Fillongley Hall, Coventry. Mr. Hunter is in the 60th Rifles. — [Photographs by Swaine.]

of the younger generation were a couple of Members of Parliament. Lady Beatrice Cecil and her fiancé, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, paid their hostess and her label the compliment of being, at any rate, as happy as children. "Where are all the other little girls and boys?" wept the first arrival at a Christmas party the other day, with the frankness of youth that begins at three and lasts till twenty. Lady Desborough had nobody quite young enough at Taplow to explain to her with tears that her "boy and girl" party had, for the most part, reached the more contented age of good-manners.

THE SUN-SEEKERS: SOCIETY ON THE RIVIERA.



1. MR. COSMO BONSOR.

3. MR. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

5. SIR HENRY SAMUELSON.

7. MR. GRANVILLE ALEXANDER.

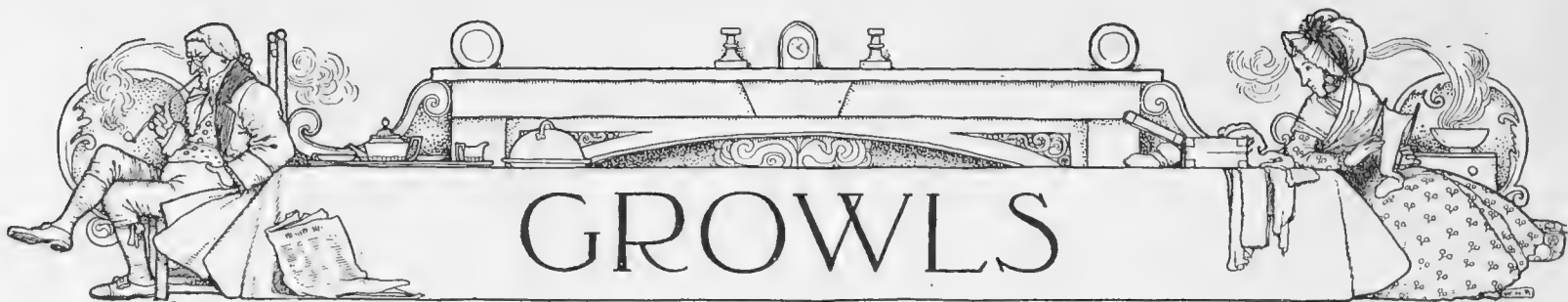
2. SIR GEORGE CHETWYND, Bt.

4. LADY SAMUELSON.

6. LADY NICHOLSON.

8. MR. JUSTICE HORRIDGE.

Sir George Chetwynd, the fourth Baronet, was born in 1849. In 1870, he married Florence Cecilia Marchioness of Hastings (who died in 1907), daughter of the second Marquess of Anglesey and widow of the fourth Marquess of Hastings.—Mr. Bernard Partridge, the well-known artist and "Punch" cartoonist, was born in 1861, son of the late Professor Richard Partridge, F.R.S., President of the College of Surgeons, and Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy. As Bernard Gould, he made a number of appearances on the stage. In 1897, he married Lydia F. Harvey.—Sir Henry Samuelson, the second Baronet, son of the late Sir Bernhard Samuelson, P.C., F.R.S., was born in 1845. In 1874, he married Emily Maria, daughter of Mr. John Goodden, of Compton, Dorset, and widow of Captain Arthur Paulet Butler. He was M.P. for Cheltenham for six years, and for Frome for nine years.—Sir Thomas Gardner Horridge, otherwise Mr. Justice Horridge, has been a Judge of the King's Bench Division since 1910, and has sat in Parliament as member for East Manchester.—[Photographs by E. Navello.]



GROWLS

THE PAINS AND PENALTIES OF PUNCTUALITY.

BELIEVE me, I have not the least intention of making a personal attack upon the unpunctual. What I have to say I shall set down more in sorrow than in anger. I prefer no indictment against individuals. It is the inherent rottenness of our system which engenders in me a bitterness of spirit which I cannot consider unjustified. The punctual person has, I frankly acknowledge, nothing to brag about. He is born, not made, and he employs the major portion of his time in wishing that he had not been born. The unpunctual person, on the other hand, should not be dealt with too harshly. He cannot help himself. He came into the world provided

nature may pulsate with the highest endeavour: but he will be late nevertheless. His collar-stud will display a sudden insubordination, the traffic will be diverted, or the cabman will not know the way. It is written in the book of Fate that he shall not be at the appointed place at the appointed hour, and he knows it. And another deplorable fact is that we punctual people are in a decided minority, and it is ordained that we shall not know one another. Ruthless and relentless Fate decrees that all our engagements shall be made with those who are bound to keep us hanging about in draughty places and bitterly cursing our chief and perhaps our only virtue. We are the despondent denizens of lobbies, the disgruntled catchers of catarrh, the only waiters to whom no tip is ever tendered. Ours it is to pass the *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner in listlessly discussing the uninteresting, and ours to realise that the most conscientiously thought-out dinner does not materially improve with delay. We never in our lives are allowed to see the first act of a play, and though we have, at considerable inconvenience, caught a train, we are made to wait in the cold at the other end for the motor that has been sent to meet us.

And its Hopelessness.

Here, then, is my grievance, and I feel that its soundness cannot be gainsaid. It constitutes one of the greatest tragedies of a life which is harassed by petty irritants, and, alas! it is, I fear, too deeply rooted for reform. I have sometimes thought in my less sombre intervals that something might some day be done in the way of amelioration. An attempt has already been made by the Daylight Saving Bill to tinker with time, and tinkering, we all know, is in the majority of cases merely the prelude to extermination. It is just conceivable that, by a series of legislative measures, we might ultimately abolish time, and then, perhaps, it has occurred to me, there might come some alleviation of my torture. But sober reflection has tended to damp my optimism, and I cannot



THE WINTER THAT IS NOT WINTER: PRIMROSES PICKED IN THE OPEN LAST WEEK.

with an attribute which he may deplore but cannot rectify. But while fully granting that Nature, with its accustomed inscrutability, has devised these things, I cannot concede that I am therefore debarred from the airing of my grievance. The lot of a punctual person such as I am is almost indescribable in its abject misery. Taking it for granted that the wiseacres who have laid it down that time is money are right, and calculating upon the basis of a slender income, I estimate that my own punctuality, coupled with the unpunctuality of others, has up to the date of this writing cost me no less than seven thousand pounds and eightpence. To this must be added the wear and tear upon the temper, which has a demoralising effect upon the intelligence which cannot be estimated in pounds, shillings, and pence, and the strain upon the constitution which is the inevitable result of hunger and despair. Have you ever, when entering the gilded halls of gastronomy or the painted porticoes of Terpsichore, taken the trouble to contemplate the solitary specimens of suffering humanity who haunt them? Footsore and weary, gnawed by the pangs of inanition, and wearing a look of desolation totally out of keeping with the much-advertised joyousness of their surroundings, they stand and wait. These are they who are destined from the earliest period of their existence to devote the fleeting minutes of an attenuated life to bide the coming of those who do not come.

Its Inevitability. The terrible part of the whole business is that it is absolutely unavoidable. There is nothing in the world can prevent a person who is born punctual from being punctual. In his knowledge of what is in store for him, he may endeavour to arrive at his destination late, but in vain. The taxi he hails will turn out to be the swiftest in the Metropolis and the least obedient to the regulations regarding the speed-limit, and he will assuredly find himself arriving on the very tick. An earthquake may occur while he is dressing for dinner, but he will be there on time just the same. So it is with the inheritor of unpunctuality. His whole being may palpitate with the best intentions; his better



NATURE DECEIVES HERSELF: ROCK-CRESS BLOSSOMING IN THE OPEN LAST WEEK.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

help seeing that to look to legislation would only result in disappointment, for it is beyond the power of any Act of Parliament to save me from wasting the precious moments in waiting for him or her—and especially her—who is predestined not to be there. To the bitter end I must perforce pursue the old grey way, watching in weariness of spirit and finding a modicum of comfort in the employment of hopelessly inadequate objurgation. I am thoroughly aware of this, and so I gloomily submit, merely claiming the right to register this definite statement of my troubles and, at the same time, to appeal in all earnestness to the witnesses of my miseries not for mercy's sake to expect me to grin while I bear.



MISLED BY THE MILD WEATHER: PERIWINKLE PICKED IN THE OPEN LAST WEEK.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

Absence of Mind.

FOR SALE.



V.—THE INCREDIBLE SUNSET LAPSE OF THE VAGRANT WHO LIKED TOAST.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



THE BEST WISH: NOT "MANY OF THEM," BUT "FEW AND FULL."

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THANK you, thank you, thank you, kindly readers, I am pleased, I am touched, I am proud, but why did you say, "And many of them"? I have no wish to live long; I love life too much for that. Just as wise lovers part before they have had time to hate one another—I would like to leave life before life leaves me. Life hates him who cannot do it full justice. What

serves it that the grass is dewy, fragrant, and elastic under the feet when those feet are slow and gouty? How wasted the splendour of the sun for those whose eyes are too weak to be gladdened by the gold of its rays! How lost the sweet emerging of snowdrops and crocuses, the pure birth of lilies-of-the-valley, for him with a stiff back and rusty knees! Life is mean to the good liver, generous only to the gourmand and the spendthrift. Life is a hostess—and the old guest has outlived its welcome. Life should be a summer day with a sudden close and song victorious, abrupt and without coda and sighs; a dance without rest, but merging into sleep; a look without a sequel, a kiss and a good-bye, a banquet without satiety, a feast without fatigue, a run and a leap, a wedding-night without a morrow, a laugh without a soul. Life should be a short orgy of youth—a sniff, a whiff, a sip, a spasm, a fall of rose-petals, and under it—submersion.

Those whom Life loves die young. So

you see, friends of the good wishes, do not tell me "many of them," but wish me them few and full. Wish me, rather, my garden full of roses and my life perfumed with friendship. I have planted the roots of both; may 1913 see them flourish! And here is to our friendship and to our weekly meeting around the tea-table—meetings where I frivol and you frown or you smile, according, Sir or Madam, to your age and sex and degree of indulgence. If I have amused you, you have given me many happy moments and caused me to commit many a sin of vanity. Every time one of you writes to me, even when it is to rebuke me for a difference of opinion, I experience a pleasurable little shiver of pride. We women can never get used to exciting interest of an impersonal nature. My false modesty masquerading as humility does its best to chasten my satisfaction: "Perhaps if they knew you," it says, "they would not repeat the nice things they write you." Perhaps they would not, but we soon shall see. This first month of this new year, a new friend is going to pay me her

first call. She knows me well, for I always write the truth, but I know little of her except that she reads *The Sketch*—hardly a distinctive trait. I am grateful to her, and a little awed of her. Will she expect me to be frivolous or funny?—will it grate on her that my English accent is not as good as my grammar? But people so spontaneous and unconventional as my reader friend must be indulgent. Will she be interested in my garden, my peacocks, and the river? Will she like my mossy corner of England, where the lights of London town glow in the east over the cedar-tree top, and where the noise of London town drowns itself in the hushing, heavy water that runs at the end of the lane?

Have you ever stood on the bridge of St. James's Park and faced Whitehall, emerging from a haze? Did you not think then of a fairy city? Did you not see the roofs and chimney-pots of banal Ministries metamorphosed for your benefit into minarets, domes, mosques, turrets, the fantastic silhouette of an Oriental dream, while at your feet the lake was a river where swans swam, moving nymphs, waiting for the end of the spell that would change them again into proud princesses? Did you see all this and did you love it? Well, from the end of my lane I gaze every day on another such town, made of vapours rose and silver—one is not quite sure whether built on a hill or sprung from the clouds. And at nights, yellow points without number pierce the royal-blue darkness. It is Richmond Hill beautified by distance. The view from it alone is renowned; the view of it, methinks, is far more enchanting. It has the romanticism of Heidelberg, the majestic sadness of Touraine. From behind it the sun rises pale and languid, as is its custom in England, and passing through the window-panes, traces roseate designs on my eiderdown.

I can show the best vantage-point on my side of the Thames to those of my friends, known and unknown, who will come down my old-fashioned little street and just open my garden gate. Nay, they will not even need to push the gate; I will have it left open. There have been worse New Year's resolutions. *Qu'on se le dise!*



ADDER OF ANOTHER COUSIN TO KING GEORGE'S LIST OF RELATIVES: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

The Crown Princess of Roumania (Marie, Princess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh) has now six children—three sons and three daughters. The advent of her baby son added yet another to King George's almost innumerable cousins. The Crown Princess was born in 1875, and married in 1893. Her eldest son, Prince Carol, was born in 1893.—[Photograph by Franz Mandy.]



TO MARRY MORGANATICALLY: PRINCESS OLGA ELIZABETH OF SAXE-ALTENBOURG.

Princess Olga Elizabeth of Saxe-Altenbourg, whose betrothal to Count Karl Friedrich von Pückler, head of the noble Silesian family of that name, is reported, was born at the Castle of Albrechtsberg, near Dresden, on April 17, 1886. She is a daughter of the late Prince Albert Henry of Saxe-Altenbourg, who, in 1885, married Marie, Princess of Prussia.

Photograph by F.N.A.

THE PASSING OF THE GROUND FLOOR FRONT. FOR SALE.



THE KNUT (as he feels a bump): Gee - whiz! What a chicken!

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



STORIES STRANGE, BUT TRUE: FIGHTING, DEEP-BREATHING JAPAN.*

Abdominal Breathing a Secret of Fighting Power.

aware that in speaking of Japan the foregoing is a bold statement, but I am inclined to think that the impartial reader, on reference to my chapters on the occult aspects of Japanese military arts, will grant my contention." He must have known that he had nothing to fear on this score. His work is full of good things. Let us pick out a plum or two, that you may taste and devote yourself to a most enticing dish. "In connection with the study of *judo* (jijutsu)," he writes, "my attention was drawn to the part that a certain kind of occultism plays in the armoury of really efficient masters. The relegation of the seat of courage to the lower abdomen (*shita-hara* in Japanese), and the contention that the concentration of strength in that portion of the body is, as it were, the alpha and omega of fighting capacity, at once impressed me. . . . By actual experiment I found that these claims were more than idle and empty theorising, and that the habit of deep abdominal breathing, if pursued as directed by the Japanese teachers of military arts, and side by side with the practical study of the latter, would generally lead to a marked development of defensive and offensive power. . . . I will even go so far as to declare my opinion that, given equal technical skill on either side, until we have learned thoroughly the lesson of abdominal power, the Japanese will nearly always defeat his Western opponent in a fight to a finish with or without weapons, firearms of course excluded."

Fat as a Weapon of Offence and Defence.

Even the obesity of the fat wrestlers of Japan does not mean lack of power. The men are much "fitter" than they look to the untutored eye, "and their fat has been hardened by continual beating and butting at wooden posts until it becomes almost a weapon of offence in itself. An ordinary man would go down like a nine-pin beneath a swinging blow from the huge stomach of a Japanese wrestler. A little incident which really occurred in the garden of a Japanese hotel at Miyanoshta some years ago will help to substantiate these statements. The famous Taiho, a mountain of beef, though burdened with less abdominal hamper than many of his rivals, was stopping for a few days at this hotel, when he chanced to meet a foreign friend of mine who speaks the Japanese colloquial quite fluently. In the course of conversation, Taiho asked my friend if he knew anyone in the hotel who would kick him in the stomach. The requirement was a novel one, and

"The Fighting Spirit of Japan" is a remarkable book. The author whets the appetite when he writes, in his preface, "These pages contain some new material. I am quite

my friend was taken by surprise, but just at that moment a young American, wearing a pair of tooth-pick shoes, drew near the couple, and when Taiho's petition was made known to him, undertook with significant alacrity to kick him as often and wherever he pleased. As soon as this understanding had been arrived at, Taiho assumed a posture with his legs slightly bent and his hands resting lightly on his knees. The young American drew back for a convenient "take-off," and . . . at the psychological moment planted his right trilby fairly in the centre of the wrestler's stomach. The result hardly coincided with his expectations. . . . He had confidently looked to see his victim collapse in agony upon the green-sward. What actually happened was that Taiho gave his ponderous abdomen a heave forward, and the young American a second later found himself flying through space. . . ."



WHAT WILL MR. REDMOND SAY IN HIS SEAT AT BREAK OF DAY? THE DUKE OF ANHALT, WHO IS DECLARED TO BE THE RIGHTFUL KING OF IRELAND.

Herr Roth, a Leipzig genealogist, has announced that Frederic II., reigning Duke of Anhalt, is a direct descendant of Brian Boru, and has a better right than any other living person to the Irish Throne. Herr Roth says that in the seventeenth century Joachim II. had the idea that he was the rightful King of Ireland, or, at least, of some part of that country. The Duke of Anhalt was born in 1856, and, in 1889, married Marie, Princess of Baden. He has no children.

Photograph by C.N.

Mesmerism and the Fighting-Man. Much more remarkable—because inexplicable—are the esoteric aspects of bujutsu, or military arts. Amongst the feats with which the Japanese master of fence in feudal days was credited was the ability, if opposed by one inferior to him, to exert mesmeric force to such purpose that "he himself would instantly become invisible to his antagonist, whose gaze would be helplessly fascinated by the point of the expert's sword, which in turn might be multiplied to seem like half-a-dozen points, all equally real to the expert's prospective victim, who . . . would not be able to anticipate the direction of attack, seeing that he could not distinguish the true swordpoint from the false."

To return to modern times: "On a par . . . is a manifestation of magnetic influence by experts whereby birds can be made to fall from a tree to the ground, apparently lifeless, and again instantaneously revived and put to flight. The exertion of this influence is usually accompanied or emphasised by the strange *kiai* shout." Mr. Harrison made various tests. "Mr. Kunishige . . . instructed me to seize both his ears and pull them as hard as I liked. . . . I obeyed . . . my most desperate efforts had no more effect upon Mr. Kunishige's facial expression or upon his ears . . . than if they had never been . . . Finally, Mr. Kunishige asked, 'Are you satisfied?' When I said I was he made a pass with one hand, simply observed, 'His strength will now disappear,' and with no external aid whatsoever, leaned back on his haunches and dragged me after him, still hanging on to his ears for all I was worth!" With such extraordinary material at his command—there is very much more—and with a most uncommon knowledge of his subject, it is not surprising that Mr. Harrison has produced a book which can only be called, as Wendy would put it, awfully fascinating. It must not be missed.



SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE VICTIM OF AN ATTEMPT AT MURDER IN MID-AIR: LIEUTENANT J. C. PORTE, R.N.

Mr. D. Lawrence Santoni, managing-director of the British Deperdussin Aeroplane Company, has made assertions to the Royal Aero Club which are now being investigated by that body. Mr. Santoni states that on three occasions some person (or persons) unknown has attempted so to damage engines of military aeroplanes that they would break down during flight, and argues that the work must have been done by someone with, at all events, fair knowledge of mechanical matters. He cites, as an example, a case of the stopping of the engine of a military two-seater aeroplane flown by Lieut. Porte, which resulted in a narrow escape for that airman and his passenger. Immediate examination of the engine showed that "all the working parts inside were completely smashed. On dismantling the engine a small steel nut, which was no part of the machinery, was discovered in the crank-case; this nut had jammed up the connecting-rod, causing the pistons to break and completely destroying the engine. This nut could by no possible means have got inside the engine except by wilful design, and to place the nut in the crank-case one cylinder must have been dismantled, which operation would have taken about a quarter of an hour." We quote Mr. Santoni in "Flight."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

*"The Fighting Spirit of Japan, and Other Studies." By E. J. Harrison. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

A PARTY QUESTION.

FOR SALE.



THE LITTLE GIRL (*returned from her first party*): Mother, I did what you told me. I took cake the first time; and when they asked me a second time I said, "No, thank you." But they came round a third time—and you never told me what to do then.

HER ANXIOUS MOTHER: And what did you do, dear?

THE LITTLE GIRL: Oh, I just said what father does at breakfast: "Take the damn thing away."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD



A Novel in a Nutshell

THE FACE.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

"AND what do you think of it all?" Cheam asked. His manner suggested that the question had been put a good many times before.

I made the inevitable responses.

"They all seem to think the house pretty good," he agreed.

He went to the tantalus, which had been hospitably produced for me, and mixed himself a stiff tumbler of whisky-and-water. The edge of the glass chinked a good deal against the rim of the decanter. I remembered with something of a shock that in the Ealing days Cheam had been an abstainer of a particularly emphatic type, and that his hand had been steady enough to make him the exhibition shot of the local rifle club.

"You seem moderately isolated here."

He nodded.

"My nearest neighbour's Girton, the doctor—a very decent fellow. His house is on the further side of the Common. So far as the house goes, at present I've only a woman who looks in daily. I shall probably let the place in the winter."

"Perhaps, on the whole, it would be as well."

Cheam took a sudden pace forward and gripped me by the wrists. His face was near enough to mine for me to see the new lines that had formed at the corner of his eyes and mouth.

"What do you know about it? Who's been talking? If I thought—!"

He released me with a stupid laugh, and stepped backwards. I got up. I was worried—more worried than indignant. A man who has dabbled even a little in psychology can read a good deal from an outburst of this type. And I remembered that, the Fates willing, Cheam was about to become my brother-in-law.

"My good fellow, no one's been talking. You asked me what I'd heard. I told you—nothing. It's left to me to ask what you've seen."

Cheam hesitated. Then he took an envelope from the rack on the mantelpiece and a stump of pencil from his pocket.

"This," he said, and made a dozen hasty strokes and pushed the envelope across to me.

What he had sketched was the outline of a face—presumably a man's. Except for the eyes, which were widely open, the effect was blank and expressionless.

"You mean that you've met the fellow here?"

"I've never met him in my life. I've drawn only the face, haven't I?"

"But—"

"I don't even know if the cursed thing *has* a body. But for the past week or so I've seen and dreamed of nothing else."

"Where—and when?"

"At the windows of the house, between twilight and absolute darkness—I, who once thrashed a poor snivelling little devil for being afraid to cross the school playground after dusk!"

"Do you mean—" I stumbled at the words—the whole thing was preposterous to the point of absurdity—"do you mean that The Pomegranates is haunted? Why, it hasn't been built twenty years. The date—'1896'—is over the front door."

"What under heaven has that to do with it?" His voice dropped to a snarl. "The essential thing is that the Face exists. . . . And the only consolation is that I can end the situation at any time with a bullet."

I did my best to misunderstand him.

"You can't shoot a—face."

"There'll be no need. A few inches lower down will be near enough. They say it doesn't hurt much."

"You're leaving Marie out of the reckoning."

"Marie?" He roused himself with a jerk from a reverie. "Perhaps so. . . . I'd thought that with this place I'd be justified in asking her to marry me at once, and settle down. In fact, I wrote to her. But—"

"She held the same opinion. But it's more than a fortnight since she last heard from you. She called at the office this morning because she knew that I was running down."

"I'd sooner she thought the worst of me than ask her to share this plague-stricken hole."

I went to the window and stared out. The sun had set, and the sky was an even, flawless blue. Beyond the garden ran a narrow cart-track. Beyond that again was the Common, dotted with blackberry bushes and furze. Against the horizon the lights of the station winked and flickered. The air was scented and heavy with rain. The house seemed set in a sea of space and silence. I turned back to the room—an epitome of solid, middle-class comfort. Cheam caught my eye.

"An inferno," he repeated, and then "Come!"

We went together out into the wide, tessellated hall, bright under the greenish glare of the incandescent light. He pointed to a window at the foot of the stairs. There was another at the head of the first flight.

"From there I've seen the Face six or seven times; on the landing above, twice; from my bedroom—it runs over the hall—nearly a dozen times. It stares in, and—goes."

"Only at night?"

"At any time after dusk has fallen."

"What steps have you taken to—?"

Cheam laughed gratingly.

"I've smashed a couple of window-panes. I've cut my wrist, I've fired three shots from my revolver at the thing—and damned bad shots they were! I've gone so far as to try to explain to the village constable, until I saw from his expression that he thought me on the verge of delirium tremens."

"The doctor—?"

"A mere hint or so. He may have guessed more. I haven't spoken to anyone else. What is there that one can explain?"

"You've found no traces?"

He shook his head.

"The pathway round the house is asphalt, and we've had a series of sharp frosts into the bargain."

"Finger-prints?"

"None, at any rate, that I could identify."

We went together over the rest of the house. It was all eminently prosperous-looking, normal, and reassuring—the last place on earth where one would expect to encounter the supernatural. Cheam's uncle had been a wholesale ironmonger, with a wholesale ironmonger's limitations and no imagination whatever.

We came down the staircase again, side by side. Cheam's hand was steady and his cheeks a more wholesome colour. We passed the window, I nearer the wall.

"There!" he gasped, and clutched at the banisters.

I could see nothing. I struggled with the catch, flung up the sash, and peered out. The wind stirred faintly in the laurels on the right. A bird flew out with a plaintive note. Some small animal—probably a rabbit—shot across the grey length of the cart-track and vanished into the shadows of the Common.

"Well?" said Cheam hoarsely.

"There was nothing," I insisted—"nothing!"

He pulled himself together, and we went back into the dining-room. Until past twelve, I remember, we lingered there, talking more or less disconnectedly. I argued that, at the worst, the affair was no more than a particularly stupid practical joke. We reached no sort of conclusion, but it was arranged that I should spend at least a fortnight at The Pomegranates.

I had been at the house three days before I first saw the Face. We had come back from a long, exhilarating ramble across the Common. The change in the man was worth noticing, and the letters he had written to Marie were lit with confidence and hope.

I was closing the front door behind us, and Cheam had reached the foot of the stairs, when I heard him give a rasping cry and saw him strike a furious, aimless blow at the window. I dashed towards him.

The Face was staring blankly into my own.

Cheam's drawing, for all its sketchiness, had been accurate—infinitely accurate. The thing seemed to be thrust forward out of the darkness until it was within an inch or so of the window-ledge. The skin was of a dull, yellowish white, like that of a dead man, as he had said, the eyes widely open, the mouth thin and curved malignantly. The forehead was low and retreating, and I saw no hair. Under the glare of that cold, unwinking gaze I felt myself go sick and nerveless. The Face vanished.

I heard the sound of a heavy fall behind me. Cheam had dropped backwards in a dead faint. I had scarcely carried him up to his room when the bell of the back door rang. It was a jobbing gardener, who had done some work about the place before. I sent the man for Girton, the doctor, and in less than twenty minutes had him at the bedside. He struck me as being young, clever, acutely intellectual—an entirely modern product of the cold-blooded, efficient school. I told him all that there was any use in telling while we did our best to bring Cheam back to consciousness.

"He's had a series of pretty bad shocks," he said, "but he'll probably pull through. An interesting case—extraordinarily interesting. Whether it's hallucination or suggestion is immaterial—"

"I saw the Face myself."

He smiled.

[Continued overleaf.]

SKI - ER DESPERATION.

FOR SALE.



"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!"

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

"Which is equally immaterial. What is more important is that I can send you on a nurse who is just leaving a case at one of the big houses here."

The nurse came. She was plain and elderly and a tyrant, but she knew her business, and Cheam was steered back to convalescence. In the meantime, it was plain that the affair would have to be cleared up if the man was to retain his sanity, or, for that matter, his legacy, since, by the terms of the ironmonger's will, he was to occupy The Pomegranates for at least four months of every year.

From the first I agreed with the doctor in dismissing the supernatural theory. On the other hand, I refused to accept the Face as a pure hallucination. There was shelter enough on the Common for a regiment of practical jokers, and the house had been left to Cheam, as I knew, to the exclusion of several aggrieved relatives. Assuming that a particularly vindictive member of the family were to hand about the house, he might indulge in a series of pranks that would make Cheam's legacy a nightmare to him. Cheam-himself filled most of our thoughts for the first week. I don't think he was ever near to death, but his mental and physical equilibrium had been badly shaken.

It was not until the last days of his convalescence that I saw the Face again. Girton had paid his final visit, and was talking with me in the hall. Both of us saw the thing beyond any possible disputing. Together we dashed to the door. Something uncannily pallid flashed through the darkness and vanished in the thin mist which was swirling over the Common.

Pursuit of any sort would have been sheer futility. I bent to examine the ground.

"The brute is human, at all events," I said, with a touch of exultation.

"I suppose so," said Girton, but there was a shade of doubt in his tone.

"There are traces of a square-toed boot here."

"I have a weakness for them myself," he said, and smiled a little as he thrust forward his foot.

But the morning was to prove that my amateur detective work had been less bungling than it might have been. From a policeman we heard the news that the body of Warrell, a cousin of Cheam's, had been found face-downwards in the quarry on the further side of the Common. The neck was broken, and from the direction and outlines of the footprints in the clay near, it was plain that the poor wretch had been running furiously almost in a straight line from The Pomegranates. The man, nominally an actor, had lived chiefly by sponging on his relatives. He had been something of a favourite with his uncle. Girton had found the body and given information to the police.

I left the constable, and went to where Cheam was writing in his study. I told him the whole thing. It needed no great imagination to supply the missing details. Given a man with some knowledge of making-up, and of fair agility, and the whole mean and stupid plot was revealed.

"And now the poor fool is dead," said Cheam.

"And the ghost dies with him," I said.

He nodded, and gripped my hand. A vast weight of terror seemed lifted from our shoulders. We passed on light-heartedly to other matters. I was to go back to my neglected work in a day or so, he to write in full to Marie that evening. We were both, I remember, a little off our balance with relief.

The afternoon was waning when, three days later, I stood at the door of The Pomegranates and said good-bye to Cheam. He had plans to discuss which had kept me longer than I had meant, and the final departure was a hurried affair. In the end, I found myself with a walk of over a mile to the station, and something less than twenty minutes to do it in. The rain that had been threatening all day began to come down heavily before I had gone a hundred yards. I realised that I had left my waterproof behind me.

There was nothing for it but to race back. I took a short cut across the turf at the side, and found the back door unfastened—the daily help, a careless lout of a girl, had left ten minutes before. I went in.

To reach the hall, one crossed, in turn the scullery, the big, tiled kitchen, and the passage which ran parallel to the stairs.

"Hullo, Cheam!" I shouted. "I've had to come back for a macintosh. Last train, too, confound it!"

I got no answer. I reached the side of the stairs. The hall was in half-darkness, and reeking with the gas which had obviously been blown out by the virulent draught which was coming in through a smashed window-pane. At the foot of the stairs I tripped over something dark and bulky. It was Cheam. He was lying with his face upturned, his hands clenched. One knuckle was cut, and bleeding badly.

I looked up. The Face was staring . . . staring—and was gone.

I remember that for a space I was held in the grip of something very near to blind panic. The wholesome sting of wind-driven rain brought me to my senses. I turned off the escaping gas, went in search of matches, and lit up the hall again. I got Cheam to the couch in the dining-room, and was trying to make him swallow some brandy when the boy who had taken my luggage to the station came

back, sulkily enough, to say that the train had gone. I sent him to the doctor's. He, it appeared, was away on an important case. The boy had sense enough to leave my message, however, and Girton came round about an hour later.

There was need for nothing beyond the briefest explanations. My theory was false beyond all disputing. What *was* the solution?

"Hallucination," said the doctor. "I could give you instances—"

He gave me them, as we sat that night on either side of Cheam's bed, while the poor wretch between us struggled back to semi-consciousness, and then slipped into a sea of delirium from which Girton's opiates could not save him.

"If I could have grappled with the Thing at first," he insisted, "it would never have been born again. For the second sprang from the first. If I could find its throat—!" His fingers worked feverishly among the bed-clothes.

So four days passed. I wired to town for a trained nurse, and secured one, but after the second day she refused to stay. She gave no reason, but I knew that she had seen the Face. I, too, had seen it—twice. Until the evening of the fifth day it was impossible to leave Cheam, but by then the morphia had done its work and he lay still, breathing deeply and slowly.

I had slept very little, but sleep would have to wait until to-morrow, when Girton had arranged to send fresh help. At twelve Cheam was still motionless. I got up, stiff and chilled, my brain working with the clarity which goes with acute fatigue. The pendulum had swung to the other extreme. I was alone in a house in which horror haunted every window, with a semi-delirious man—and I was not in the least afraid. My nerves were absolutely steady when I went down into the hall and looked out upon the moonlit garden.

Under the window lay something small and white. I went out and picked it up. It was a folded page of closely written notes, unsigned but dated. Clearly, it had been dropped by accident.

There are few things more illuminative than a man's handwriting. This was entirely unfamiliar, but I saw at a glance that it was that of someone hovering dangerously near the border-line which separates sanity from insanity. I unfolded the paper, and stood beneath the hall light to read it.

The first date was October 13.

"C's symptoms aggravated," I read, "exhibiting cumulative effects of extreme physical terror. Warrell, since I sheltered him on the second night on condition that the experiments were continued, growing steadily more insolent. I dwelt on its scientific value, and that the facts were to form the basis of a treatise. W. points out that there is a second man to be reckoned with. . . . C's recovery at this stage would leave the whole thing incomplete."

"October 17.—W. made a further visit. Results extremely successful."

"October 23.—W. more careless, and inclined to blackmail. Have warned him of the other man. Purposes going to the house again this evening."

"October 24.—Exit W. It is maddening. The treatise on the verge of completion. Am tempted to continue the visits on my own account. C. recovered."

"October 27.—Have done it. The thing was simplicity itself, since I had all W.'s impedimenta. C's collapse immediate. The brother-in-law back unexpectedly soon afterwards. It will be unsafe—and useless—to make more than one more attempt—"

There the notes ended. There they might well end. I knew all I needed. I slipped the paper into my pocket, and went upstairs again.

I was almost opposite Cheam's door when I saw the Face for the last time. It was as ghastly as ever, but its immobility was gone. It was strained and distorted with anxiety. With the notes in my hand I understood why.

Cheam opened his eyes suddenly. He must have felt rather than seen the thing. He leapt from the bed. His fist shot out too swiftly to give any chance of escape. I heard the glass fall tinkling, and the soft, horrible *thud* of a blow; a scuffle; a heavy fall. When I reached him, Cheam was staring down at the asphalted path below. The eyes that he turned to me were clear and calm. The delirium had gone. I knew that whatever weakness might remain, his reason was saved—that that instant's contact with flesh and blood had dispelled the horror.

"The game's ended. The brutes—there must have been two of them—were human. They must have climbed up by the pipe. To think what it means! To think—!"

He collapsed. I lifted him back on to the bed. He turned on his side passively. The opiate regained its hold.

I ran downstairs, and out on to the white road. A cyclist—it was Voules, the village greengrocer—was passing. I shouted, and he pulled up.

"There's been an accident—a serious accident. A man has fallen from the window of the house here. His neck is broken. Go for some sort of help at once—your nearest point will be the police-station. I can't leave the place—Mr. Cheam is ill."

The man's cheeks went white.

"Better fetch the doctor first," he suggested.

I shook my head.

"It is Doctor Girton who is dead," I said.

THE END.

A LIVING BUDDHA: A MOUNTAIN-MAN WITH HAIR OF GRASS.



SUGGESTING A PANTOMIME-MASK: THE HEAD OF THE 150-FOOT-HIGH CLIFF-BUDDHA,
KIATANG.

"This strange cliff-Buddha" (we quote the "Wonders of the World," published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., of Paternoster Row, by whose courtesy the illustration is given) "is described by Mrs. Little as about 150 feet in height. It is full length, and the feet are washed by a foaming mountain torrent. It was, indeed (she writes) to guard against the dangers of the rapids here that the figure was cut in the cliff-side by the life-long labour of a single priest. The rock is somewhat soft, and, as can be seen, there is much earth in the crevices. This has been ingeniously utilised for a monstrous growth of hair, eyebrows, and moustache, which adds considerably to the appearance. There are other rock-cut Buddhas in the neighbourhood." The photograph is by the Rev. Olin Cady.

WITHOUT RISK TO MEN OR HORSES: EASTERN BULL-FIGHTING.



56440 Germany (lower)

AS IT IS ANNUALLY AT UWAJIMA: BULLS FIGHTING FOR THE PLEASURE OF MAN, IN JAPAN.

A Japanese correspondent, sending us these photographs, says of them: "They show the annual bull-fighting at Uwajima. On the particular day devoted to this, people crowd into the town from all the neighbouring districts. The origin of the display is unknown, but some hold the belief that it must date before 'Japan's restoration,' in 1868 A.D., and have been suggested in part by Spanish merchants visiting the country." Uwajima is 185 miles S.W. by W. of Kobe.

Photographs by Sakamoto.



ON THE LINKS

GOLF AND HOME RULERS: THE GREENS OF THE GREEN ISLE.

The Politician's Game. This is not the political page of this great journal, and even if it were, I should be told some plain facts about duty if at any time the tiniest political bias were shown in these random notes on the



IN MARKED CONTRAST TO THE LINKS OF THE UNITED STATES: THE EXTENSIVELY WOODED AND VERY UNDULATING OLD TORONTO COURSE.

amazing and unceasing progress of the best of games ever known. Therefore, O reader, if I mention Mr. Lloyd George, again, do not assume that I have feelings in regard to the doctor question and the celebrated panels. I have played with a few doctors lately, and they seemed to be well on their game, despite all the trouble that appears to be on foot. Doctors as a class make very keen golfers, and I have found that for the most part they generally get stuck at somewhere between the five and the ten handicap mark, which, if it does not suggest it, would support a theory that they believe wholeheartedly in the game, practise it most assiduously in all their spare time, but do not neglect their profession for it, and have found that their steady progress is somewhat interfered with by their uncertain hours—a call up at four o'clock in the morning not being conducive to a clean drive from the first tee at ten; which reminds me that a surgeon with whom I was fixed to play on a Saturday a little while since informed me casually as we were trundling along to the course in his big car that he had made a very nice job of a leg-amputation an hour or so before. Now, the latest news I have of the Chancellor is that his handicap has just been reduced to fifteen. We are disappointed in him as a golfer. I wonder what the excellent North Berwick caddie—who once said to Mr. Balfour, by backing whom he had just lost sixpence, "Eh, mon, ye canna gowff!"—would have to say about the Chancellor of the present day. He has been at this game for five or six years now, and yet he has only got his handicap down to fifteen, and that despite the fact that on Christmas Eve, when he was playing over a course near London, he found a horseshoe, and that recently—such is his enthusiasm—he bought a piece of land, it is said, near that course on which to build himself a house. However, he enjoys the game as much as most of us, and what else matters?

Mr. John Redmond Begins. But lo! there is another mighty political convert to the golfing way, and it is the stalwart leader of the Irish members, Mr. John Redmond. He has just become a golfer, and he is practising eagerly on the Acton course. Those who have seen him think that he will make a very good player. Anyhow, all who have the pleasure of

intimacy with Mr. Redmond know that in private life he is one of the most charming companions; hence, he will make a fine fellow to play with. I do not know whether his advent to golf has been timed in its association with other events, but it is indeed timely, and the Irish leader should know it. To begin with, here we have Ireland planning its great scheme for Home Rule, while generally the Irish party has been absurdly ignorant of the game. I can hardly recall any Irish member who is any good at it. The great majority have never played at all. Some have suggested that the Irish temperament is not the best for the game, being somewhat too fiery, but yet Ireland has produced some fine players, and she has one to-day, Mr. Lionel Munn, recently become a barrister, who is nearly as good in the amateur class as anyone alive. Never before did Ireland breed such a golfer. And in another way Ireland is being more closely associated with the game. These are the days of municipal golf, or those days are nigh, and here now we have it announced that there is a considerable probability that in the near future Dublin will have its first municipal course, and that it will be laid out in the Phoenix Park.

A Public Course in Phoenix Park! A scheme is on foot with this object in view, and it is being well supported. The chief of the Dublin Corporation is himself a golfer,

and that is something. It has been established that a very good eighteen-holes course could be made in the Phoenix Park without interfering in the least with anyone, and, if it liked, the Corporation could even make money out of it through the green-fees. Two points are of special interest. The first is that golf was first played in Dublin in this self-same Phoenix Park, which was the original

home of the Dublin, now the Royal Dublin, Club. That was for a couple of years from 1885. Mr. John Lumsden, who is supporting this new movement with all his might and enthusiasm, was one of the designers of the original course. The second point is that, if Dublin scores in this matter and gets a real municipal course laid out in her national park, she will be the first section of the British Isles to do so. In England we have no golf in Hyde Park, Regent's Park, or any of the other great ones; in Scotland they have not so much need for golf in parks, for they have fine municipal courses elsewhere. But in America there is hardly a big park without its golf course, and when they are shaping a new park out for the first time the preliminary question they ask themselves is,

"Now where shall we put the golf courses?" Note the plural. Ireland, I congratulate you. I hope it comes off.—HENRY LEACH.



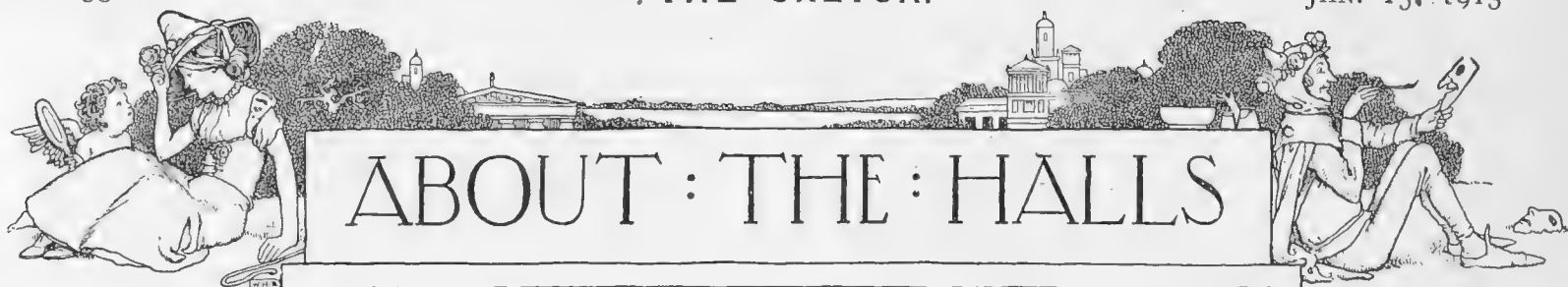
NOW, WITH THE LINKS, IN THE HANDS OF THE BUILDERS: THE CLUB-HOUSE (ONCE A FARM-HOUSE) OF THE OLD TORONTO COURSE.

ONE OF THE OLDEST AND BEST-LIKED LINKS IN CANADA: THE OLD TORONTO COURSE, WHICH HAS JUST FALLEN BEFORE THE BUILDER.

Toronto is growing with such speed that the old Toronto Golf Course, generally conceded to be the prettiest links in the Dominion of Canada, has just fallen into the hands of the builders, the city having extended right up to the course, which was once far out in the country. The club has received the fullest possible compensation, and, with it, has made a magnificent course at a considerable distance from the city.—[Photographs by Henry Leach.]



THE DIFFICULT APPROACH TO A HOLE IN THE HOLLOW TO THE RIGHT OF THE TELEGRAPH-POST: ON THE OLD TORONTO GOLF COURSE.



A GRAND GUIGNOL PLAYLET—A FEMININE GROTESQUE—A STANLEY HOUGHTON SKETCH.

WHEN I dropped in at the Alhambra one evening during the week, I found the "Kill that Fly" revue still going strong. The management have been wise enough not to content themselves with cutting and compressing, and are determined to keep the show thoroughly up to date by the addition of new features. While there is much remaining of the revue as presented in its original form, there are several new arrivals, and foremost amongst these is a Grand Guignol playlet, which proves an admirable contrast to the varied gaieties and irresponsibilities of the medley. The scene is laid in an evil-looking and ill-lighted slum in a Quartier in Paris. Hither stealthily comes an Apache who has successfully brought off a robbery, and brings with him his booty in a bag. But his footsteps are dogged by another of the same kidney, who falls upon him and stabs him. There is a long and fiercely fought combat with knives, which results in the defeat of the original thief, who is finally killed. But this does not mean triumph for his assailant, for all the while events have been quietly and closely watched from an open window by a third ruffian, who leaps down upon the exhausted victor and stabs him to the heart, disappearing swiftly into the darkness of the night with the "swag." The author of this grim wordless sketch, Mrs. Gabrielle Enthoven, has certainly invented a "thriller," and her work is excellently interpreted by Mr. Charles Maude and his two colleagues. Not a sound is heard but the panting of the combatants and the ceaseless jingling of a piano-organ playing a dance-tune in a neighbouring street. Everything is done to invest the sketch with the required Guignolesque horror, and the audience follows in rapt attention, even though some may feel a certain sense of relief when the end comes and lights go up on a scene of rollicking dance and revelry.

A Grotesque.

In the middle of a programme devoted to various forms of eccentricity, including Alfred Lester as a pessimistic scene-shifter, Gus Elen with novel views on natural history, and George Formby as a sublimely silly Lancashireman, the Tivoli bill contains the name of Elsie Fay. This lady, who comes from the other side of the Atlantic, has a genuine gift for the grotesque. Hers not to charm the purchasers of picture-postcards with alluring eyes and rows of scintillating teeth. She has no hesitation in making herself look as ridiculous as possible, and she is endowed with features of an indiarubber quality, which admits of the most extraordinary contortions. Her

every movement is grotesque and her every intonation is completely comical. In a series of songs of the normal American type she indulges in a succession of curious absurdities. The mission of Elsie Fay is to amuse, and she does not spare herself in the effort. She has no ambitious yearnings after the musical, the beautiful, or the statuesque; she simply aims at making people laugh, and she is unfailingly successful. Of male grotesques we have a plentiful supply, but female grotesques are few and far between, and Elsie Fay is deserving of all the thanks due to one who brings laughter into a grey world.

A Surprise Turn.

Mr. Stanley Houghton, the author of "Hindle Wakes," has not been able to resist the allurements of the halls, and his play entitled "Pearls" is side by side with "Pebbles on the Beach" at the Coliseum. There is nothing in common between the sketch produced by Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss and the piece in which Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh appear. The former gives to Mr. Hicks an opportunity of being himself, and to Miss Terriss an opportunity of looking her best; and there is little more to be said about it. "Pearls" is a different matter altogether, and, though it will not materially add to Mr. Houghton's reputation, admirably serves the purpose for which it was designed. The scene is laid in Mayfair at midnight. The wife returns to her elaborate house, gowned in a style

that would have turned the Queen of Sheba green with envy. She has been to the Opera, where she has become accidentally possessed of another lady's pearl necklace, which has hitched itself to her dress. She succumbs to the temptation because her own extravagance and her husband's ill-luck at cards have brought them within the clutches of impecuniosity. She hides the pearls in a desk, and her husband returns from the club after another bad night at bridge. After some conversation, in which it comes out that the news has spread, he finds that the only way to obtain a cigar is by breaking open the desk, and there he finds the pearls. He recognises that he is more or less responsible for her lapse, and determines to restore the jewels at once to their rightful owner, but just as he is about to start there is a knocking at the street door, and an inspector of police is ushered in. For a moment the situation is tense, but the policeman has only come to say that the kitchen window has been left open, and all ends happily. Mr. and Mrs. Bourchier are to be congratulated upon a thoroughly effective addition to their repertoire. ROVER.



THE SAVOY "TWELFTH NIGHT" COMPANY'S BALL AT THE CONNAUGHT ROOMS: MISS NOEL GIFFORD, MISS VIOLET TYLDEN, MISS VERA CHATTERIS, MISS CONSTANCE HEWITT, MISS MABEL MULVANEY, AND MISS SYBIL BOUCHIER.

Photograph by L.N.A.



WITH THEIR TEACHER IN THEIR MIDST: CLEVER CHILD DANCERS, PUPILS OF MISS WARE, IN "THE GOLDEN LAND OF FAIRY TALES," AT THE ALDWYCH. Miss Ware, that excellent teacher of dancing—and especially of ball-room dancing—whose headquarters are Ware's Academy, George Street, Hanover Square, arranged the dances for "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales," and supplied, from amongst her pupils, children to interpret them. Her success is great and deserved.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Ranfield.]

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

TYRE RECORDS—CONTINENTALS—"THE BENZOL BEE"—THE PEDESTRIAN IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

To Keep a True Tyre Record.

Tyres are lauded or condemned altogether too much by guessed or estimated distances. Now this is not fair to tyre-manufacturers or really satisfactory to the user, who ought to be certain of his facts either way. But very few motor-car owners attempt to keep a true tyre record, or check their chauffeurs' figures if the totals depend upon them. It is probable, however, that more might be done in this way if the car-owner or the chauffeur had some simple, comprehensible means of crediting and debiting each tyre with its mileages and costs. Realising this, Messrs. David Moseley and Sons, Ltd., of Manchester, the well-known manufacturers of the "Moseley" tyres, have lately issued a Tyre Mileage Book (3s.), which is ruled up in such a way that the mileage life of any one tyre can be followed and determined at a glance. Taking any one tyre, its mileage on every wheel to which it is fitted and the distance run on such wheel can at once be seen, together with the total completed at the time the tyre is scrapped. I am sure the possession of one of these Mileage Books will tempt even the slackest owner or chauffeur to keep a tyre record in future.

Continental Tyre Triumphs.

Continental tyres are always to the fore in strenuous competitions. This has been particularly the case in racing events during the past year, both in this country and on the Continent. By submitting their tyres to the fierce stress consequent upon racing on the road or on the track, the Continental Tyre Company show their absolute confidence in their productions. In motor-cycle competitions on the road, pneumatic tyres are perhaps more hardly tried than in any other circumstances, yet we read that in the late London-to-Exeter reliability trial promoted by the M.C.C., no fewer than six gold medals were obtained by riders whose machines were fitted with Continental tyres. In view of the atrocious weather and road conditions which obtained throughout, this is a record of which the tyre-makers may pardonably be proud.

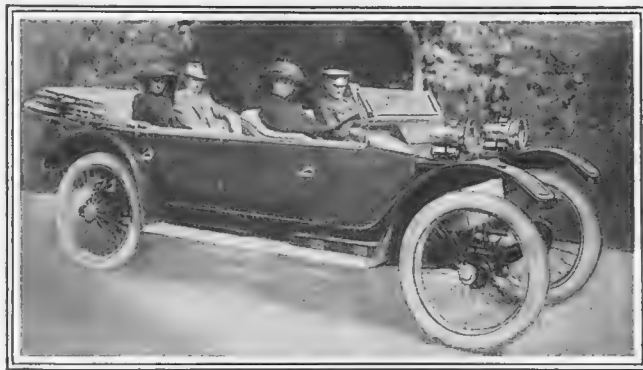
The Difficulties of Benzol.

The offer by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders of the wholly inadequate prize of two thousand guineas for the production of a home-grown fuel has provoked much newspaper discussion of the subject. Reading between the lines, the Benzol bee appears to be in everybody's bonnet, and those who know least about it are

loudest in their assertions. All that is required to be known with regard to benzol as a fuel for internal-combustion engines is common knowledge to a certain number of people who have been quietly studying the matter for some years past, and that they are not enthusiastic on the subject does not make for hope. However much benzol it might be possible to obtain from our own coal-supplies, there still remains the question of distribution. Now, in the matter of petrol, the spirit for the most part passes through the hands of three great concerns only, and they have each organised a big scheme of distribution covering the whole country, by which wholesalers are able to buy petrol in bulk at or about the same price, no matter where they are situated. But the case would be on a very different footing in the matter of the producers of benzol, for the reason that the 30,000,000 tons of coal necessary for the production of the spirit would have to be dealt with by at least thirty different plants, in thirty different places, with separate distributing systems from each point.

Traffic Dangers.

Appeals to the public in their own interest have very little effect in this country, and I do not look for much result from the plea put forward lately by the London General Omnibus Company in the daily papers. The average member of the British public has been brought up on the doctrine that, so far as road and pathway are concerned, he can just go where he dern'd pleases, and it is for the other feller to look out. That is just where things differ for the better in France, for there the man who gets injured by walking in the roadway, when the authorities have been at considerable expense to provide him with a footpath, is considered to be guilty of contributory negligence, and seldom gets any sympathy or damages. Here the boot is quite on the other leg, the pedestrian being the spoiled darling of the streets and roads, and being held as precious as spikenard in the eyes of the law. The Englishman is slow to accustom himself to a new condition of things, although it would be thought that ten years' experience of motor-traffic would have had some effect upon him. It is the inherited habit of listening instead of looking for traffic which is at the bottom of much of the trouble. The "ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer" could be always heard sufficiently far off. This is not the case with the quiet English motor traffic of to-day.



AN EXCELLENT TORPEDO PHAETON: A 25-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER LANCHESTER.



A MOTORIST'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE: A CAR HALF ON A BRIDGE AND HALF OVER IT, WITH A FIFTY-FOOT DROP BENEATH IT.

Dr. G. L. Davidson, of Toronto, well known as a heart specialist, had a narrow escape the other day. His electric run-about skidded on the Huntley Street Bridge, over the Rosedale Ravine, crashed into the side rails, and tore a number of feet of the barrier away. Fortunately, the car remained balanced on the edge. Had it gone six inches further, it would have fallen fifty feet.—[Photograph by Topical.]

SPRING IN WINTER: OUR WEATHER VAGARIES QUITE TRADITIONAL.

OUR journalists who have been watching the fortunes of the diplomatic conferences now in progress in London have missed an important opportunity. They ought to have flown at the Turks, and, at the pen's point, pricked an answer from them as to their opinion of our weather. Is the erstwhile "Unspeakable" converted to a hope that we may be better, meteorologically, than we have seemed? Have we succeeded in deluding him into believing that this mid-winter spring of ours is normal, and that, where so mild and benevolent conditions bide about the Christians' Christmas and New Year, the thereafter of the weather must be at least sub-tropical? That is what our daily interviewers ought to snatch from the reluctant lips of our Oriental invaders.

For in the land of the Crescent they believe that we of this sceptred isle, set in what our Bard, anticipating the *Daily Telegraph*, has called the silver sea—these masters of Constantinople believe that here we know only winter and less wintry weather. Brave old Rustem Pasha, who had been half munched away by a bear, preserved that moiety of his physical system in which incredulity lay, and, talking in London to an English friend on a bright April day, said with a shiver, "You have been in the East, and can therefore understand how your winters affect us." It was still winter to him, be it noted. "But," retorted the friend, "you like our summers?" "Have you a summer?" inquired the Turkish Ambassador. "Have you a summer? I have been five years here, and there has not been one hot day!" The ambassador thus subtracted two from an ancient definition, which must have been coined in Byzantium: "An English summer—two hot days and a thunderstorm!" And that is why our purveyors of daily diplomatic platitudes and vacuities owe us a sworn declaration of the opinion of the Turks, not as to the probable destiny of Adrianople, but of this spring of ours seated in the chilly lap of winter. Possibly were they thus faced with the problem, "Your opinion or your life!" they would indulge themselves in a mental reservation and find satisfaction in the fact that our meteorological conditions have once more tripped up good Pope Gregory, who gave to the "infidel dogs" their present calendar. For by the calendar we are, of course, now in the midst of winter, though for a month or more conditions have been such that spring flowers have been lured from their hiding, while birds have sung and built with all the ardour which, according to the calendar, they should conserve for at least another month or six weeks. But let us be comforted; the Turks were not the first to find us out. Long ago we adopted from a Danish source the saying, "The almanack-writer makes the almanack, but Providence makes the weather." We need not, then, be afraid on that score when we speak with our enemy in the gate, for we knew it all the time.

The Seasons Not Really Changing.

Of course, the wonderfully fine weather which we have been experiencing has given rise once again to the story that the seasons are changing with us. "Winters, nowadays," the grey-head tells you, "are not like the winters of my younger days." Of course not; they never were. Such, at least, is the belief of each generation. But, as a fact, spring in winter is no more uncommon with us than a gloomy day in summer. The phenomenon has become the subject of proverbs among the most ancient in our tongue—

Summer in winter and summer's flood
Never boded an Englishman good.—

says one saw. A second is equally emphatic—

If there's spring in winter, and winter
in spring,
The year won't be good for anything.

Even in the United States, where they get the biggest of everything, in climatic records as in all else, they have had sufficient experience of this sort of thing to frame the axiom: "If we don't get our Indian summer in October or November, we shall get it in the winter." Here, then, is good evidence of the antiquity of winter "springs." No, the seasons are not changing with us. Every winter brings its periods of balmy weather. It is two centuries since Linnæus was born, but conditions then were so little different from our own that he was able to note the appearance for days together in mid-winter of butterflies, charmed by the sunshine

from their place of hibernation. Even Canada, our Lady of the Snows, seeks to remind us that she has her genial spells, for only five years ago the Montreal Board of Trade deliberately abolished the practice of holding the usual carnival, with the great ice palace as its chief feature, lest the shivery world should say that the Canadian climate in winter knows no cessation of severity. Popular belief in the saying that our climate is gradually changing led to the whole subject being investigated the other year, and Sir John Moore, at the British Association, four years ago, took the trouble to show

that there was not the slightest evidence of any change, nor of any impending. He quoted statistics from the earliest English meteorological diary—1337, and subsequent years, and showed that the description of the seasons then is accurately paralleled by the conditions recorded as to the twentieth century. Again, he traced a distinct similarity between the weather experienced in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and that of to-day.

We had
The Snows of June. June four years ago, and declared it unprecedented; well, but we had a heavy snowfall all over the

City and right away out to Norwood, on July 12, 1888. And still we manage to sow and reap in due season. Ireland has survived a winter spring of 1881 which happened when the No Rent campaign was at its height. "We shall pay for this weather later on," remarked a Jesuit Professor to Father Healy. "Pay for it, my dear fellow?" quoth the padre—"we have given up that sort of thing long ago!"



THREE LB. AT OVER £20 AN OUNCE! THE £1000
MINIATURE BLACK POMERANIAN OTLEY WEE BLACKIE.

Otley Wee Blackie, sold recently in the United States for £1000, was bred by Mrs. W. H. Bowler, of Purley, and purchased by Mrs. Langton Dennis, who shipped him to America. He has won six championships in England, and has carried all before him in America for a while past.—[Photograph by Fall.]



ONE OF THE WORLD'S SMALLEST DOGS: CLITO, A POMERANIAN WHICH WEIGHS 1½ LB.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Apotheosis of Pantomime.

Mr. Francis Toye has recently told us, in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, that we are only assisting at the birth of the art of the ballet, and that when we stand agape at the audacities and felicities of MM. Bakst and Fokine and the Russian dancers, we should remember that they had an originator in the eighteenth century in France. It appears that the great Noverre—one of those dazzling but forgotten celebrities who may be unearthed by the diligent in the catacombs of the British Museum—had not only a wonderful theory of pantomime, but actually anticipated the music-dramas of the two Richards, Wagner and Strauss. Noverre not only had a theory and succeeded in carrying it out, but he wrote a book called "Lettres sur la Danse," in which he roundly declared that painting and dancing are absolutely akin, and that any effect that an artist strives for may be achieved by the composer and producer of a pantomime. This art was to be revived and extended because he was of opinion that we had lost the power of facial expression. It must be admitted that this is true of many of our modern comedians, who are apt to preserve the same imperturbable countenance on the stage which they would consider appropriate to a London club or a country-house drawing-room. Yet other nations—notably the Japanese, who have the same ideals of stolidity and stoicism as ourselves—are amazing in the art of portraying emotion by expression, and without uttering a word. No one who saw that wonderful actress Sada-Yacco can ever forget her performance of the forsaken dancer as she emerged from the temple. It was a revelation of the possibilities of mental agony. In the revived and glorified pantomime which we shall see in the course of a few years, the actors will have to learn the art of gesture and expression. Indeed, Mr. Toye boldly predicts a new music-drama in which the operatic singer will be eliminated, and a pantomime artist will take his place. It would be a highly interesting experiment, and might bring opera within the reach of the great public.

An Ideal Bookshop.

There is to be a Poetry Bookshop, and Mr. Harold Munro is in charge of the

enterprise, while a special feature provides

for the reading aloud, by poets, of their own or others' works. It sounds like a decorous version of the famous Chat Noir, in Paris, where dramatists like Maurice Donnay made a beginning by reciting their verses to a critical but mirthful audience. Yet surely a bookshop, with attentive poetasters grouped about, would make a more satisfactory milieu for the criticism of new verse than a Montmartre cabaret with all its diverse elements. In the tumult and unrest of London, I like to think of this oasis of leisure and literature, where twice a week, at

half-past five—an excellent hour—one will be able to choose one's favourite poem and hear it read with taste.

Woman and the Theatre.

It seems to me that we shall soon be looking to Manchester as our theatrical Mecca, just as good Wagnerians used to turn their gaze towards Bayreuth in its heyday of fame. For the great northern city has not only built a new theatre on the approved modern lines—a theatre in which everyone, even in the cheapest parts, can see—but it has, through the energy and judgment of a woman, started a new drama, and incidentally produced a whole company of accomplished actors and actresses. I cannot think of a more interesting or important work than that which Miss Horniman has been carrying on in Manchester for some few years. Of course, she can count on a highly intelligent Lancashire audience—

one, moreover, which is not pre-occupied with the futilities and frivolities which beset London playgoers. But, as a woman, one rejoices that a dazzling and significant success has attended this adventure (for it was nothing less) by a feminine manager. For the effect of man's influence on the theatre, on the whole, has done much to justify the Puritans' objection to the playhouse. He has usually frankly appealed to the most ignoble side of human nature. He has lost sight of the ethical importance of the drama in his haste to pander to the "average sensual man" and woman; we have got, in consequence, a temple of

pleasure rather than a temple of art. And when the woman manager follows in his footsteps, she nearly always fails. But women are doing so many surprising and important things nowadays—without beating of drums or brandishing of banners—that we may yet see them revolutionise the modern theatre, and make of it a place from which no one can afford to stay away.

The Critical Little Boy.

I fancy there is no one on earth so critical about other people's appearance as the small—and usually slovenly—boy. Leaving, as regards himself and his toilet, much to be desired, he is nevertheless all that is most pernicky when it comes to his elders of either sex. In this respect, he is everything that is most conventional and exacting. He is a very Beau Brummell in regard to his respect for the prevailing fashion. To swerve from it but an inch is to earn his contempt and dislike. Though the state of his hands leaves one thoughtful, and he affects, himself, the sketchiest of costumes, woe to you if you do not resemble the fashion-plate which he specially admires! I understand that the most diminutive Etonians, on the occasion of the Fourth of June, undergo the extremes of mortification if their relatives venture to appear in anything but the "latest cry" in hats and coats. And in the last analysis, we shall find that the English small boy represents the only *ensor morum* that we really possess, and that, precisely for this reason, deep down in our hearts we hold him in respect and awe.

A BLACK-VELVET TOQUE.

This close-fitting toque of black velvet has a high trimming of white ostrich-feather tips arranged at the back.

THE NEW "BERET" HAT.

The hat is in black velvet, with a large white osprey curling out from under the brim.

A BECOMING HAT OF VELVET.

The hat is folded into a bonnet shape, with one ostrich-feather falling over the side of the face.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 29.

SHIPPING SHARES.

IN spite of considerable advance in quotations during 1912, there still appear to be a few shipping shares which on merits are entitled to stand higher than they do at present. There is no reason to suppose that the period of phenomenal prosperity is coming to an end yet awhile. On the contrary, an optimistic view is taken by all those in a position to form an accurate opinion, and although it would be asking too much to look for a continuance of the extreme rates which were paid during 1912, we have no doubt that 1913 will be a very prosperous time for the whole of the shipping trade.

The $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of Elder, Dempster and Co. appear to be worth certainly more than their present price of par. During 1911 the net profit, after payment of the Preference dividend, amounted to about £180,000, of which only a small part was distributed on the Ordinary. For 1912 the margin will be very much larger, and the Ordinary shares, which are held by the Royal Mail Company, are likely to benefit.

There are £425,000 of these Preference shares issued, and the market, therefore, is a free one, so there appear very few disadvantages to weigh against the highly satisfactory yield which they offer.

Another issue which looks undervalued is the 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock of Houlder Brothers. There is only £125,000 outstanding, and the Company's reserve fund stands at £227,000. After the Cumulative Preference shares have received their 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the Ordinary are getting 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Debenture issue is repayable only at a premium of 5 per cent., and is secured by a floating charge upon the whole of the Company's assets. It therefore appears to be worth considerably more than its present price of 80; the security seems far too good to afford a yield of 5 5-8.

THE PERUVIAN CORPORATION.

There has recently been a revival of interest in the issues of the Peruvian Corporation, and a few particulars of the present position may therefore be of interest.

The Report for the year ending June 30 last did not altogether come up to expectations, as the net earnings showed a decline over the 1910-11 figures; though nevertheless the Preference dividend was increased from 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

This decline was chiefly due to the decrease in the amount of construction material carried for the Bolivian Railway. This only affected the southern section of the Railway; elsewhere the development of traffics was satisfactory, and the opening of the Panama Canal should also be a big thing for Peru.

The chief interest, of course, lies in the question whether the 6 per cent. Debentures can be converted into a series bearing a lower rate of interest. Reference was made to this question at the last meeting, and the chairman stated that the matter had occupied the attention of the Board, and that he thought it would be possible to find a scheme which would be fair to all parties.

Presumably it is the hope that this will be effected which has caused the Preference shares to rise to their present quotation of 54. If the present issue were redeemed at 105 by means of an issue at par of 5 per cent. Debentures, there would be a saving of £115,000 a year, which is equivalent to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Preference capital.

Once this question is settled the arrears of Preference dividend, which amount to 71 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., will have to be considered, and these will probably be funded into some sort of income stock.

ODDS AND ENDS.

One of the most noteworthy features of the market at present is the rush of new issues. This is likely to be even more marked during the next few weeks, and although it diverts money from investment on the Stock Exchange, it is to be welcomed as a sign of returning confidence on the part of the big financial houses. From every direction we hear of preparation; Colonial issues will continue to play a large part, and several American Bond issues will make their appearance shortly.

The article in the current issue of the *Stockbroker* entitled "Abridged Prospectuses," or "the gentle art of Statute-dodging," draws attention to an evil which we should be very glad to see remedied. Some of the abridged prospectuses which we have noticed have been remarkable for the amount of verbose nonsense they contained, and the lack of all essential information, and our contemporary is quite right in saying that many people make up their minds on the strength of a newspaper prospectus. The Board of Trade is slow, however, and the public long-suffering!

The offer of £2,000,000 4 per cent. Queensland Government stock at 99 is one of the most attractive of recent gilt-edged issues,

including as it does a bonus of about $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in interest payments. It is a full trustee security.

Fifty years ago last Friday the first underground railway in the world was opened to traffic! The line ran from Farringdon Street to Paddington, and the first extensions linked it up with Hammer-smith and Moorgate. The growth from these early beginnings into the network of underground electric railways of to-day makes a most fascinating chapter in the history of engineering.

Those in search of a high-yielding investment might well consider the 5 per cent. Preference stock of the Rock Investment Company, which returns 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. at the present price of 87. This Company is the survivor of the old Birkbeck Share and Debenture Trust, but the management has recently passed into stronger hands and the outlook is encouraging. The £118,800 Preference stock is covered about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ times over by the value of the assets now held, and has £120,800 Ordinary stock behind it, which is quoted at 50. The 4 per cent. Redeemable Debentures of this Company also appear to offer scope for improvement over to-day's quotation of 87.

THE RUBBER POSITION.

Messrs. Hale and Son have issued a most interesting review of the Rubber Market during 1912, in which they estimate the world's production (including Guayule and Jelutong rubber) at 100,000 tons. Of this quantity about 30,000 tons came from the East, 40,000 tons from South America, and 15,000 tons from Africa. The world's consumption is estimated from the latest figures to be about 105,000 tons.

We have not the space to quote the Report in full, but the following paragraph on prospects is particularly interesting—

"After examining the statistical position it seems certain that the rapidly increasing consumption of the world will, at any rate for the present, easily absorb all cultivated and wild rubber that can be produced, and there appears no reason to anticipate any important decline in value for some time. At the close of the year we have in London and Liverpool stocks amounting to about 4000 tons, which is almost identical with the stocks a year ago. A feature of the year has been the great increase in the quantity of Plantation rubber sold for forward delivery at prices which should prove satisfactory to producers. To-day there are buyers for delivery up to the end of March at spot values, and for delivery over the whole of 1913 at only 1d. per lb. discount. This indicates a considerable amount of confidence upon the part of consumers in the safety of present rates. During the coming year we expect the demand to be well maintained. This year closes with a strong demand, especially from America. Continental buyers have postponed taking fresh supplies on account of the political troubles, and we anticipate renewed inquiry from this direction so soon as peaceable conditions are restored, and a firm market, therefore, during the earlier part of 1913."

BAHIA BLANCA GUARANTEED STOCK.

There appears to be some anomaly between the present quotation of the Bahia Blanca and North Western 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Guaranteed stock, and that of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Preference issues.

This issue, under the guarantee of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific, is now receiving 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, which will be increased to 4 per cent. from June of this year, and to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from June 1917. If, therefore, it is considered as a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock, and the difference in interest during the next four-and-a-half years (which amounts to £2 10s.) be added to the present quotation of 90, the yield works out at £4 17s. per cent.

This guarantee ranks in front of the Buenos Ayres Pacific Preference dividends, and yet the First Preference of this line are quoted at 107, which makes the yield about £4 13s. per cent.

An exchange, therefore, should be of considerable advantage to an investor, as he would not only increase his rate of interest, but also his security.

Saturday, Jan. 11, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. W. (Paisley).—Many thanks. If we hear anything we will answer next week. Aren't you rather sweeping in your postscript?

SPERO.—You will find the shares quoted in the *Financial Times*. The other Company is in an immensely strong financial position, and looks a fair purchase, although we have no information as to what the next dividend will be.

HARDY.—All the securities are sound, but we should prefer Chilian Northern Railway 5 per cent. Debentures to No. 10 on your list.

ALPHA.—The new issue is perfectly sound, and is quite on a par with the existing one, except that it does not rank immediately for dividends.

W. B. (Surbiton).—We know little about the Company, but the market seems to think well of it, and the yield makes it look rather a promising speculation.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Everything Early. We are taking Time by the forelock this year—not respectful treatment of the venerable gentleman with the scythe, but such as we hope he will respond to quite amiably, since nature has given us the cue. In gardens things look more like March than January. The first Court is to be held on Feb. 7, the second on Feb. 21. These are unusually early dates for such functions. The first will be diplomatic and official, and will be remarkable for the presentation of Princess Lichnowsky, wife of the new German Ambassador, and for the presentation of the wife of a new American Ambassador, name at present unknown. Countess Benckendorff, wife of the Russian Ambassador, is now the doyen of ladies in that position at our Court. She wears always full Russian Court dress on these occasions, and is quite a remarkable figure. In the King's Household the Hon. Lady Keppel will be presented on her husband's new appointment. Lady Holford, too, awaits presentation; her husband is Equerry to Queen Alexandra, and extra Equerry to the King.

Over-Young. Time was when a woman of fifty wore caps and considered that a retired life was the right thing for her. Now the full enjoyment of things seems to come at this age. A skilled specialist, such as Mrs. Adair, whose establishments at 92, New Bond Street, 5, Rue Cambon, Paris, and 557, Fifth Avenue, New York—new and fine premises into which she has recently moved—are the resort of modern women who desire to retain or restore the youthful beauty of face and form) is a rock of deliverance from marks of time as unnecessary as they are undesirable. She has made a wonderful line of defence for our sex against the onslaught of time and of adipose tissue. Going away for the winter either to the snows and sun, or to the sun and tideless sea, or to the sun and sand of Egypt, it is wise to take some of her Ganesh Muscle Oil and Eastern Cream and one or two other of the celebrated Ganesh preparations for use to prevent sun and wind burn and freckles. For prevention of the dreaded double chin, as for its cure, the reliable treatment is that of the new Ganesh Muscle Strapping. There are dozens of things that Mrs. Adair does for us to keep us young and lovely, for which we are for ever grateful. A woman's appearance has everything to do with her happiness.



A "MATERNITY" GOWN.
Mme. Barri, 72, Baker Street, W.

and Mr. H. Dearth. All the Home Counties are represented by special stalls. Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, the Marchioness of Winchester, Marchioness Camden, Priscilla Countess Annesley, the Countess of Chichester, the Countess of Clanwilliam, the Countess of Clarendon, the Countess of Jersey, and many other well-known



SNOWDROP AND A LITTLE OAK MAN IN "SNOWDROP AND THE SEVEN LITTLE MEN," AT DORKING; MISS BARBARA STIRLING AND MISS K. LOUGHBOROUGH.

Photo. Moorhouse. (See paragraph on this page.)

The Coming-of-Age Bazaar. The coming-of-age of the League of Pity is celebrated by a grand bazaar this week at Caxton Hall. Queen Amélie of Portugal arranged to open it on the 14th, and the Duchess of Somerset re-opens it on the 15th; while on the third day there is to be a café chantant with, among other well-known artists, Mr. George Grossmith and Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Ivy St. Helier, Mr. E. Payne

ladies are presidents of the stalls. The League of Pity is the junior branch of King Edward's Hospital Fund, or rather of the League of Mercy, which is the intermediate branch of that great fund. There are no lotteries and no fortune-telling, but plenty of fun and merriment such as children of all ages love. The bazaar is novel, attractive, and up to date; what can it be more? Success is assured.

The King of the Home. Assuredly the sovereign of the home is his (or her) Majesty

the Baby. The baby rules the roast, and the mother is Prime Minister. Small wonder, then, that a specialist like Madame Barri, 72, Baker Street, who provides layettes for these small but important rulers, should be a very busy woman. I have never seen anything so dainty and lovely as the robes for these youthful autocrats. So fine is the fabric, so fairy-like the embroidery, so perfect the finish, and so lovely the lace that one wonders how human fingers can accomplish such things, while the shapes are the best that can be got. Yet they are not expensive; a lovely robe with a pretty finish at body and sleeves is only 25s. Madame Barri understands too thoroughly how genuine everything should



STAGE-MANAGER OF "SNOWDROP AND THE SEVEN LITTLE MEN" AT DORKING; CAPTAIN A. H. LOUGHBOROUGH.

Photograph by Moorhouse.

be that an infant wears to use imitation lace; if, therefore, a robe is desired at small cost, only a tiny bit of lace—and that real—or none at all, is used. Cots, baskets, and everything that the baby requires on arrival in this planet are supplied by this specialist in the matter; also all that the mother needs, of the latest and best description. A great specialty is made of becoming and comfortable frocks, long of line and elegant, in accordance with the very latest modes, and of beautiful fabrics. Coats-and-skirts of tweed and serge made at Madame Barri's are beautifully cut and stylish, yet afford the utmost comfort in wear, and are of the best possible material. The little caps and bibs, and all the clothes required for the lilliput royalties of our household, are worthy of



SNOWDROP AND THE PRINCE OF THE GOLDMINES IN "SNOWDROP AND THE SEVEN LITTLE MEN" AT DORKING; MISS BARBARA STIRLING AND MR. BERESFORD HILL.

Photograph by Moorhouse

their importance in our minds, and are just of the delicious daintiness that their Majesties the babies deserve of us.

A FAIRY PLAY AT DORKING.

The Dorking Amateur Pantomime, or fairy play, written, and the music largely composed and arranged, by Miss Margaret Loughborough, had a most successful run on Jan. 9, 10, and 11, under the title of "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men." For the second year in succession, the triumph of an amateur pantomime at Dorking must be largely ascribed to the talented Loughborough family, who also provided the stage-management and four of the performers. The title-rôle was filled by Miss Barbara Stirling, whose grace, and especially whose dancing, contributed no little to the well-deserved popularity of the piece. Another charming performance was that of a child dancer, Miss P. Corfe, who was quite above the average. Written by an amateur, composed by amateurs, stage-managed by an amateur, and acted for the benefit of the parish funds by amateurs, the pantomime filled the public hall at Dorking five times in three days—surely no mean tribute to its merits.



AUTHOR AND PART COMPOSER OF THE FAIRY PLAY "SNOWDROP AND THE SEVEN LITTLE MEN," PRODUCED AT DORKING; MISS MARGARET LOUGHBOROUGH.

Photograph by Moorhouse

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Miriam Lucas."

By P. A. SHEEHAN.
(Longmans.)

Whether anyone but a reviewer will pursue this story to an end is a matter of grave speculation. Many questions surge up in the current of Miriam Lucas's life; the condition of Ireland, of its poor, of labour, of its hostile religions, and especially, in Miriam's experience, of a social brutality which may not be peculiar to Ireland, but appears unusually vindictive to an English sense. The most remarkable fact about Canon Sheehan's book is that he succeeds in writing some 500 pages on these and other topics without throwing any light on the path of the general reader. As story-telling it fails, because the men and women with whom it deals never rise to a point of vivid or emotional interest; indeed, it is impossible to believe that they have ever interested the Canon himself; and as a contribution to Irish thought or Irish philosophy it is as unsatisfactory for similar reasons. A chance phrase which Canon Sheehan applies to another use expresses the final impression of his novel very well. It is "like a theatre seen by daylight." The stage is there with its atmosphere of drama, its echo of a mystery, a curse, a nobly morbid heroine, a devoted peasantry, greed or revenge or generous sacrifice; but there is no illusion of light, no warmth of life, no ring of conviction to carry a message towards the chilly and bewildered spectator in the stalls.

"A Runaway Ring."

By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.
(Heinemann.)

The middle-class family, the self-respecting and respected, paying its bills, dressing punctiliously for dinner, observing all the "shalt nots" like thoroughly good, "ull citizens, has been presented very much of late on the stage and in the novel. It has rarely been shown with more wit and restraint and understanding than in Mrs. Dudeney's study of the Baigents of Highbury, into whose circle her heroine marries. As Mrs. Ninian Baigent, Fanny Floate dropped like a big stone into a very still pond. With her beauty and distinction, much of it discernible by Baigents, she brought, all unconsciously, a past of shame and splendour, squalid, yet royal in a literal sense, to this family hitherto so happy in no history. She brought also Frusannah, and Mrs. Dudeney has surpassed herself in Frusannah's tragedy; Frusannah's thin charm, her queer elegance, her inalienable dignity which a drunken hiccup could not wholly impair. Fanny's husband, Ninian, is the fine flower of Baigent philosophy. "To give way to masculinity, to lean upon it, to pander to it, to wheedle it and manage it, and sacrifice yourself utterly for it—this was in the blood and the upbringing of every Baigent woman." It was doubtless

hard on Ninian that he missed the wife of his class, that he should pitch on one, or stoop to one, who asked from him impossible response, and whose best gifts he was too clumsy to use. "No Baigent was either subtle, prompt, or humorous; nor, indeed, were they really tender: they were only thoroughly soaked with family affection." Mrs. Dudeney has created a deeply interesting position: Fanny, all sensitive vibration, equipped with a control and a common-sense that precluded any shade of sentimentality, married to, insulted and despised by Ninian Baigent—like all Baigents, correct, but coarse. A fine woman and a plain man. And women are apt "to demand from their own particular man the qualities he has not got. It is hard on the man and hungry for the woman, but we are made so." The untying of this knot must be enjoyed in the author's own delightful pages. It shall not be cut by unsatisfying quotations here. It was happily accomplished, as life is apt to construe happiness—a thing of compromises and reservations and philosophy, yet beautiful, because Love insists, quite unaccountably, upon viewing it through a window painted by himself.

"The Bountiful Hour."

By MARION FOX.
(The Bodley Head.)

In "The Bountiful Hour" Miss Fox has chosen the ever-enchanting eighteenth century for her story. Olney village, with Mr. Cowper gazing at his neighbour's lit interior while Mrs. Unwin prepared his tea, makes a picture full of the gracious charm of the antique. And though Mr. Cowper bears no great part in subsequent events, his words of generalisation upon sacrifice become a searching comment on the particular theme of the novel. "I once thought to find," he said, "the one stainless altar on whose stone none other victim had been offered save that alone of self-surrender, entailing no frightful legacy from him who had performed the deed; I never found it. There is no such thing as self-sacrifice; with self there go always a thousand things that pertain to self, or something that another has bestowed upon us, and which in our blindness we mistake for our own, maybe . . . I lay myself under the sacrificial knife, and my friend puts his hand in mine, trusting me to the end. The knife pierces my heart, but it has severed the hand of my friend with the same stroke, and that was not mine to give." Nothing could be more attractive than the tender and courageous heroine, "like a bird," as her lover puts it; "is it a robin or a wagtail?—something very soft and bright and quick." The hoops and powder are felt in the decoration, but not tiresomely detailed; and Charlotte's drive from the stage-coach terminus to Chelsea is a curious progress to read of in 1913. They passed through a toll-gate which led into the King's Road. "The

[Continued overleaf.]

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£1000 INSURANCE. See Cover 3.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower; Society on the Riviera; the Story of the Broken Ski; Curling, "Scotland's Ain Game"; Racing and Hunting in the Snow; Ski-jöring at St. Moritz during the Season; Bobsleighing; Tobogganing on the Famous Cresta Run; Ski Running and Jumping in Switzerland; Skating by Night and by Day; A Living Buddha; Eastern Bull-fighting.

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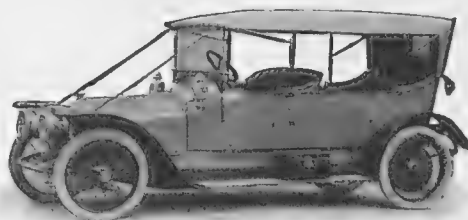


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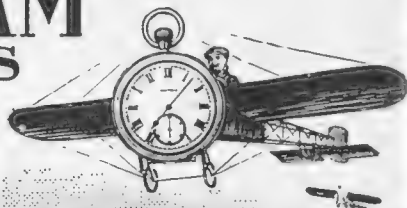
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By reason of the great demand for agricultural land in this Province and the limited area accessible by rail, river, or lake to the markets where fruit or farm produce can be sold, the price of land in British Columbia has recently become somewhat high, but by the construction of a new branch line through the Upper Columbia Valley, the Canadian Pacific Railway has just opened up for settlement a very large district admirably suited to the taste of British settlers, and the amount of land available is such that an average price is charged of only £20 to £30 per acre for good irrigated land, suitable for fruit or mixed farming. This district is on the lower slopes of the Selkirk Mountains on the western shores of Lake Windermere, and commands very beautiful views of the Rockies. It has a bright, sunny climate, with a soil which, under irrigation, is exceptionally fertile. In the neighbouring creeks excellent sport may be had—both big and small game—and owing to the number of families who have already settled here, a golf course, a race course and polo ground have been laid out.

A very large irrigation system is here under construction by the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruitlands Company, and in the neighbourhood of Wilmer and Invermere in the Windermere district the ditches are already completed and the water is now on.

Development Branch to assist Settlers.

In order to assist settlers who may not have had previous experience or knowledge of farming or fruit-growing, the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruitlands Company has now established a Development Branch, which, if desired, will advise them in all their farming operations at a moderate charge based on the individual case. This Development Branch has been placed under the direction of an experienced agricultural superintendent.

Until the Settler Arrives.

In order to meet the case of those who intend to settle later on, but who find it impossible to get away immediately, this Development Branch will plant a settler's place, cultivate it, and look after it for a period extending over one, two, three or four years at cost, plus a small overhead charge for superintendence.

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A large, comfortable hotel has been built at the neighbouring townsite of Invermere, where the headquarters of the Company are located. Telephone lines have been established connecting the settlers, and everything possible is being done to advance their convenience.

Advice to Investors.

The experience of history is that there is no safer or more profitable investment of capital than investment in land where the population is increasing. That increase in population means an increase in demand for land, and a corresponding increase in land values. Now the steady stream of settlement pouring into British Columbia, and more particularly into the Columbia Valley, now that the railway is being constructed, is, in the opinion of those who have studied the question, only the beginning of a still heavier immigration and still closer settlement. There is, therefore, every reason to anticipate that those who purchase land in the Windermere district of the Columbia Valley now, while prices are low, will see their holdings steadily increase in value.

Opportunities for those on the Spot.

For young men the opportunities afforded by a new country are unlimited. New businesses and new industries are springing up every day, in which money can be profitably invested. It is, however, only those on the spot who can take proper advantage of these opportunities. The purchase and settlement of twenty or forty acres does not compel the purchaser to remain only a farmer all his life. From his twenty or forty acre patch he can take part in many profitable local enterprises.

A Welcome to Women Farmers.

In these days of woman's independence, when girls set out to earn their own living, it is, perhaps, not out of place to point out that the opportunities for making a comfortable living out of dairy farming, chicken raising and flower growing—branches of agriculture in which women are particularly successful—are nowhere in the world greater than in British Columbia, where so much of this produce is imported and fetches high prices. The Company has the greatest confidence in recommending young women who are fond of an out-door life to club together in small groups and run dairy and poultry farms with small gardens attached. Every assistance will be given to such.

Fifty thousand acres in the Windermere District of the Columbia Valley are being prepared for settlement by the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruitlands Company, and a number of families have had houses built for them and have settled down in their new homes. A great many more have the intention of going there this spring and summer. Anyone who desires further information about this district should write to or call at the offices of the Land Department, Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.; 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol; Royal Liver Building, Pierhead, Liverpool; or 116, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.



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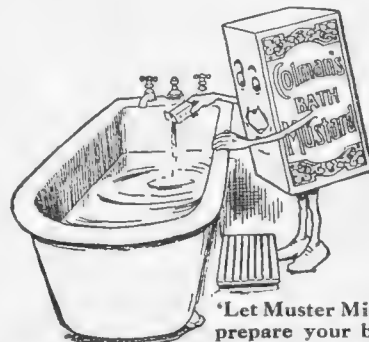
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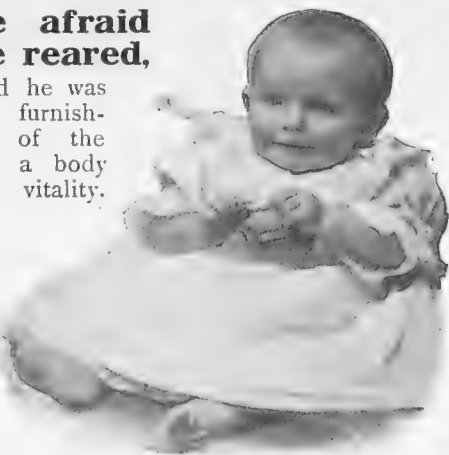
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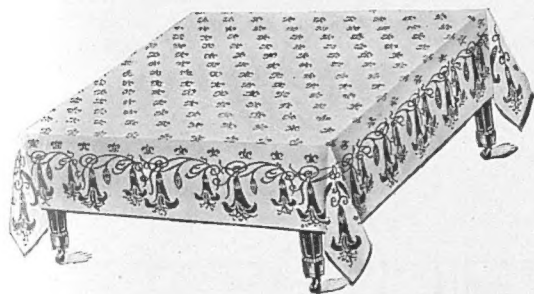
BRINGS US YOUR ORDER.

Carriage Paid Within United Kingdom.

Items extracted from Sale List:—

IRISH LINEN DOUBLE DAMASKS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.



No. O 32.

Lilly Scroll and Fleur-de-Lis.

Cloths—very strong—

2 by 2 yards	...	10/3 each.
2 " 2½ "	...	12/9 "
2 " 3 "	...	15/6 "
2½ " 2½ "	...	16/3 "
2½ " 3 "	...	19/6 "

Napkins.

Breakfast Size	...	11/9 doz.
Dinner Size	...	16/0 "

No. R 301.

Scroll and Greek Key.

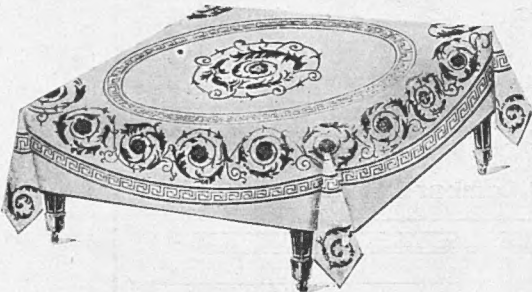
Cloths—none better for wear.

2 by 2 yards	...	13/6 each.
2 " 2½ "	...	17/0 "
2 " 3 "	...	21/9 "
2½ " 3 "	...	25/9 "

These cloths are woven square, but they can be cut in round or oval form if desired.

Napkins.

Dinner Size	...	23/6 doz.
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No. P 340.

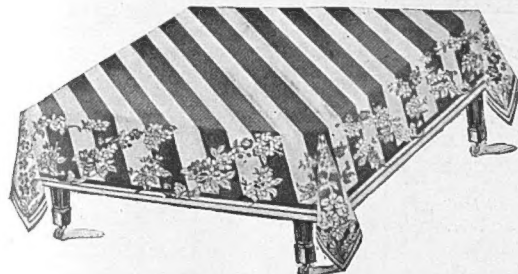
Apple Blossom and
Diagonal Stripes.

Cloths—very durable.

2 by 2 yards	...	12/6 each.
2 " 2½ "	...	15/6 "
2 " 3 "	...	18/9 "
2½ " 2½ "	...	19/3 "
2½ " 3 "	...	23/0 "
2½ " 3½ "	...	27/0 "
2½ " 4 "	...	30/9 "

Napkins.

Dinner Size	...	19/6 doz.
-------------	-----	-----------



Hundreds of Designs in Damasks in Stock.

Walpole Bros & Co

Genuine Irish Linen Manufacturers by Machine and Hand Looms

(Established 145 years),

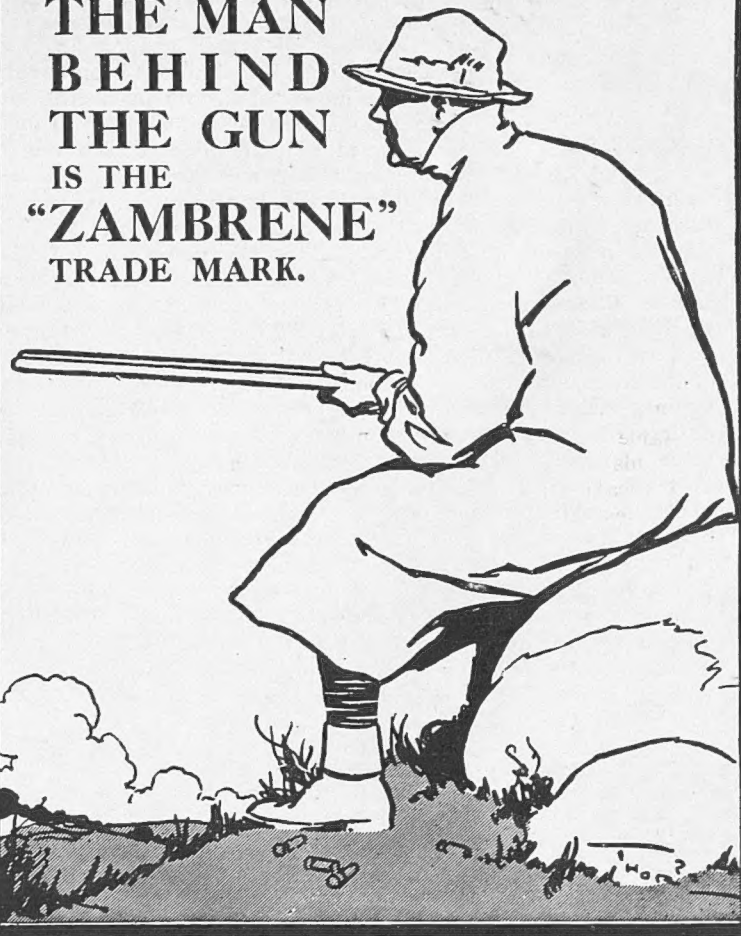
108, 110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.

SAME GOODS ALSO AT

175, 176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.

BELFAST. DUBLIN. LONDON. NEW YORK, U.S.A. MELBOURNE.

THE MAN
BEHIND
THE GUN
IS THE
"ZAMBRENE"
TRADE MARK.



Zambrene Weatherproofs

For Motoring, Shooting, Fishing
and Ordinary Wear.

ZAMBRENE "Slip-overs" are the most comfortable, the most hygienic and the most effective. ¶ The weatherproof quality of Zambrene is obtained by a special process applied to the yarn both before and again after weaving. ¶ The lining is treated in a similar manner, with the result that rain cannot penetrate the fabric except by pressure or friction. ¶ It is equally impervious to dust or wind, but the treatment does not render the cloth "air-proof" nor harden the fabric, so that a "Zambrene" coat, whether a slip-over or a motor coat, is soft and comfortable to wear, as well as hygienically porous.

WHETHER FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN,
THE CUT AND STYLE OF ALL GAR-
MENTS IS SMART AND DISTINCTIVE.

SEE THAT THE "ZAMBRENE" LABEL
IS ON EVERY GARMENT. OBTAINABLE
OF OUTFITTERS EVERYWHERE.

Wholesale only: B. Birnbaum and Son, London, E.C.

ground here was low, and somewhat marshy from the recent rains; and the market-gardens which lay beyond and beside the little creek or river looked damp and rather grey in the evening light." An essentially happy ending to a tale which seemed to bear the seeds of tragedy increases the pleasure of a pleasing story.

"The Fine Air of Morning."

By J. S. FLETCHER.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

"Three things I had always been fond of—a book, a landscape, and the open road." To one who shares these tastes all three are waiting in "The Fine Air of Morning." It expresses a fine rebellion on the part of a man and a woman: he, against becoming a machine for putting up currants in blue-paper packets, when June showers and July suns awaited him on the road; she, from the tyranny of drunkenness and brutality. But he had ideas of freedom—with rabbits, which resulted in an enforced stay in gaol; and his necessary absence from the road while his caravan lay detained at his Majesty's pleasure led her to the tents of the Strange People, who are the subject of the middle part of the story. There Valency Winsome's involuntary charms served to give her the aspect of a new and very desirable toy to a young man who had been brought up on toys since his earliest childhood. Jeffrey Hesse's portrait may run to farcical caricature in places, but it is always diverting. But the game-preserving Act cannot keep a man off the road indefinitely, nor his caravan spoiling for it, so Hilary found himself once more back on his old track, and Valency, eventually escaping from the strange people's tents, found him. It had been Hilary's custom to produce an epic or a novel through each winter, and sacrifice it to the first day of spring, because "the things that come from within you are as nothing to the things that come from without." Every reader will be grateful that Mr. Fletcher's literary habits are less severe. The things without, English country and weather and woodlands, are within his story to a delightful and very rare degree.

Many will be interested to learn that the Governors of Pitman's School have appointed Mr. Frederick Heelis to be the new Principal.

Mr. Heelis, who for the past seven years has acted as secretary of the school, has had a distinguished tutorial career. He is a well-known author and examiner in commercial subjects, and he will, without doubt, worthily maintain the high traditions of Pitman's School as one of the premier training institutions in the world.

In the article on "Hullo, Rag-time!" at the Hippodrome, in our issue of Jan. 8, the name of the designer of the costumes was incorrectly given as Cornelli. It should, of course, have been Comelli.

Those well-known Court photographers, Messrs. Lambert Weston and Son, have moved to new premises at 39, Brompton Square, S.W. Their studio will be open all night on the nights of his Majesty's Courts.

"Practical Advertising" is the name of an annual volume published by Messrs. Mather and Crowther, of New Bridge Street, E.C., which contains much information useful to advertisers. The 1913 edition gives particulars of the papers and periodicals of the British Empire, including, in most cases, the terms for trade advertisements. It also contains a list of bill-posters in the British Isles.

"Willing's Press Guide" for 1913 is the fortieth annual issue of that useful book. It forms an index to the Press of the United Kingdom, and gives lists of colonial and foreign papers.

Messrs. W. and J. Burrow, of the Springs, Malvern, have had the honour to receive a Royal Warrant of Appointment as purveyors of the "Alpha Brand" Malvern Water to his Majesty the King.

Messrs. Ronuk Ltd., proprietors of Ronuk Sanitary Polish, have had the honour to receive a Royal Warrant of Appointment to her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

It is announced by the Modern School of Music that the Brinsmead Free Open Piano Scholarship offered by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, Ltd., is now vacant, and the next competition will shortly take place. The scholarship is open to all British subjects within the age limits, and entitles the holder to one year's free tuition with the Principal, Mr. Isador Epstein.

Do You Wish to Improve Your Complexion, Hands or Hair?

If you wish a skin clear of pimples, blackheads and other annoying eruptions, hands soft and white, hair live and glossy, and scalp free from dandruff and itching, begin today the regular use of Cuticura Soap for the toilet, bath and shampoo, assisted by an occasional light application of Cuticura Ointment. No other method is so agreeable, so often effective and so economical in treating poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair. Cuticura Soap and Ointment have been sold throughout the world for more than a generation, but you can try them without cost.

Sample of each with 32-p. book free from nearest depot: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., Boston, U.S.A. Tender-faced men shave in comfort with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Liberal sample free.

A Late Meal

after the dance, the theatre or whist drive, should be something that soothes and induces sleep. Alcoholic stimulants disturb the natural rest and fail to nourish. The ideal supper should be easily digested and provide

nourishment. Full benefit is assured by taking the "Allenburys" Diet which is a partially predigested combination of rich milk and whole wheat—the vital food elements. Made in a minute—add boiling water only.

Large Sample will be sent for 3d. stamps.

Of Chemists
1/6 & 3/-
per tin.



Allen & Hanburys Ltd. Lombard St. London

Perpetual Beauty

Mlle. Lucile Havre.

I believe most women could retain their youthful complexion thirty years longer than they do. The trouble is they do not know how. I wonder if you have ever heard of the "absorption process"? It is very simple. The idea is to actually remove the faded, blotchy and wrinkled outer complexion and thus to reveal the beautiful vigorous young complexion just underneath. For this purpose the up-to-date woman simply applies a little good jettaline to her face for a few nights, just as she would use cold cream. About one ounce should be sufficient. It is not at all an unpleasant substance and may be obtained from most chemists. Its purpose is to cause the ugly, stagnant outer skin to flake off gradually in almost invisible particles. It does not seem to affect the healthy tissue at all. Its use causes remarkable changes in a few days' time. With this knowledge in her possession, a woman may largely lose her dread of the advancing years.

PURVEYORS TO THE AUSTRIAN & HUNGARIAN I & R. COURTS AND TO HRH. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

A. CHELMIS & CO., CAIRO. Established 1870

"PEARLS of EGYPT" CIGARETTES

Of all leading stores, &c.

Wholesale: 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.

THE MOST PERFECT TOILET PAPER EVER PRODUCED

ASK FOR **NOVIO** REGISTERED TRADE MARK

The "Lancet" says: "We found that the statements made in regard to the merits of this paper are correct. The paper at any rate is free from injurious or irritating substances, is smooth, and, while firm, becomes soft and apparently soluble like thin rice paper in contact with water."

SOLD EVERYWHERE in Rolls, Packets, Cartons, by all Chemists, Stores, Grocers and Stationers.

ANTISEPTIC·THIN·SOFT·STRONG & SILKY

Wholesale only of the Sole Makers, Chadwick Works, 26, Grove Park, S.E.

Pocket Money for you

Don't hoard your old jewellery, etc.; turn it into cash at Frasers.

Highest Prices Given. { Old Platinum, Gold or Silver Trinkets, Plate, Jewels, etc. } Offer sent by return

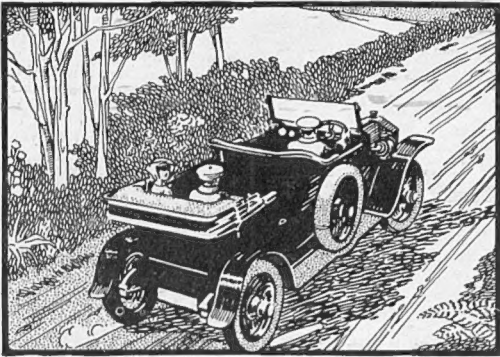
R. D. & J. B. FRASER, Goldsmiths, &c. Desk 12, Princes Street IPSWICH

FRASERS OF IPSWICH

£1000 INSURANCE. See page d.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Ladies Famous in the Hunting Field; Society in Switzerland; Wonders of the Film; Dante's "Inferno" by Cinematograph; Cinematograph Pictures of "Quo Vadis?"; Mme. Poincaré; "General John Regan."



"THE MOUNTAINEER"

Crossley

No hill you may encounter on the road is too much for the "Crossley." Its wonderful hill-climbing qualities have been demonstrated time and again in the most convincing fashion. Remember it is a 20 h.p. "Crossley" that holds the *Official Record* for the ascent of

BROOKLANDS TEST HILL

Ascending from a standing start in 10.2 seconds at an average speed of 23.5 m.p.h., thus lowering the record previously held by a 6-cylinder car of 60 h.p.

MODELS FOR 1913

15 h.p., £350 20-25 h.p., £475
Chassis with tyres.

Trial Runs gladly arranged by appointment.
Copy of our 1913 Catalogue mailed upon request.

Crossley Motors Ltd. (Dep. K), Gorton, Manchester.
London Offices: Chas. Jarrott & Letts, Ltd., 45, Gt. Marlborough St., W.

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AT THE HEART OF LONDON.



The Most Quiet yet Most Central Position of all the large London Hotels, in close proximity to all the principal places of interest, connected by Private Corridor with St. James's Park Station, making it

CONVENIENT FOR ALL PARTS OF LONDON.

INCLUSIVE TERMS from 12/- per day.

Excellent Grill-Room. Moderate Charges. Steam Heated.
Every Modern Comfort. Bedrooms with Private Bathroom.

AFTERNOON CONCERT TEAS served in the
HANDSOMELY-APPOINTED LOUNGE.

Herr Meny's Orchestra, 4.30 till 11.

Illustrated Booklet and Tariff Post Free on application to the Manager—

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EVERY MEMBER
OF YOUR
FAMILY
SHOULD
USE

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

FOR
THEIR
HAIR

BECAUSE it Preserves, Beautifies, and Strengthens it; is as invaluable for Children as "grown-ups;" is exquisitely perfumed and gives lustre and tone to the Hair.
Golden Colour for fair hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., and 10s. 6d. bottles by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

BEST. OVER 25 YEARS. 12 GOLD MEDALS.

HARRY HALL

"THE" Coat & Breeches Specialist & Habit Maker.
207, OXFORD ST., W. (near Oxford Circus.)
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ONLY MAKER of "HALLZONE" IDEAL "Gold Medal"
21/- RIDING BREECHES
(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere from 2 & 3 gns.)

Best Fitting & Value
Breeches made.

In Riding & Bedford Cords,
Real Harris & Scotch Tweeds,
Sheppards' Checks, & the
Famous "HALLZONE"
GARBETTE (Thorn, Rain-
proofed, & Washable).

From Actual Photo.

Trade Agents: Chas. Grant & Co.,
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London,
E.C.

PEDIGREE
WHISKY.

Distilled from
PEDIGREE BARLEY
guaranteed SIXTEEN YEARS
in Sherry Wood.

The Illustrated London News

FINE-ART PLATES,
PHOTOGRAVURES, ETC.,

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

Exterminated by
"LIVERPOOL" VIRUS

RATS

without danger to other animals
and without smell from
dead bodies. Intins ready
prepared with the bait.
Virus for Rats, 2/6 and
6/-; for Mice, 1/6. Of
all Chemists.

Write for particulars to—
EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd.,
56 "E," Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

Overcoats & Suits fr. 63/- (as sold elsewhere fr. 4 & 5 gns.)
We specialise on the cut of Dress, Morning, and Hunt Suits.
Perfect Fit guaranteed from Self-Measurement Form
PATTERNS POST FREE.
VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS,
BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day

"BARRI" MATERNITY GOWN

Patents applied for.
Unobtainable elsewhere.

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Many designs for Day or Evening Wear.
Prices from

6 Guineas.



GOWN of mushroom-coloured san toy, with revers and buttons of putty-grey Ottoman silk, kiltings of pale ecru net.

Price 8½ Gns.

MATERNITY CORSETS AND LAYETTE A SPECIALITY.

For Catalogue apply — **BARRI**, 72, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.

LAST WEEK.

Sale

OF
COATS
AND
WRAPS



No. 1380.

Fleece Wraps,
Beautifully warm,
light in weight.

All colours,
38/6 & 49/6

Also in Elvery
Tweeds, Rain-
proofed, 48/6
Sale price.

No. 1380

Full Sale Catalogue by return of post.

J. W. ELVERY & CO., LTD.

Estd. 1850.

"Elephant House,"
31, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.
(One door from New Bond Street.)

Also at 46 and 47, Lower Sackville Street, and
18½, Nassau St., DUBLIN; and 78, Patrick St., CORK

Linen Manufacturers
by Royal Warrant



To His Majesty
King George V.

Walpole Bros Ltd

Genuine Irish Linen Manufacturers by Machine and Hand Looms

Established 145 years.

SALE

OF

HOUSEHOLD LINENS,

TABLE DAMASKS,

HANDKERCHIEFS & SHIRTS,

Now Proceeding at Bargain Prices.

Sale Catalogues and Samples Post Free.

FURTHER REDUCTIONS ON ODD & SOILED GOODS

IRISH LINEN DOUBLE DAMASK.

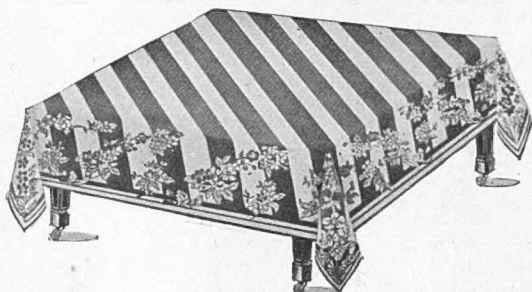
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

No. 37. *Pheasant Design.*
Fine Strong Double Damask.
For Square, Round, or Oval Tables.

Cloths.			
2 by 2 yards	...	9/-	each.
2½ by 2½	...	11/3	"
3 by 3	...	13/9	"
3½ by 3½	...	14/6	"
4 by 4	...	17/6	"
4½ by 4½	...	21/-	"
5 by 5	...	23/6	"

Napkins.
Dinner Size ... 13/6 doz.

These Tablecloths are in stock with square ends only, but they can be cut as illustration.



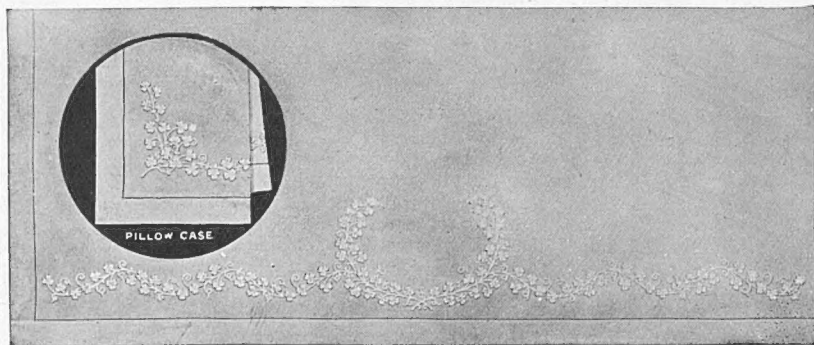
No. P 340.
Apple Blossom and Diagonal Stripes.
Cloths—very durable.

2 by 2 yards	...	12/6	each.
2½ by 2½	...	15/6	"
3 by 3	...	18/9	"
3½ by 3½	...	19/3	"
4 by 4	...	23/0	"
4½ by 4½	...	27/0	"
5 by 5	...	30/9	"

Napkins.
Dinner Size ... 19/6 doz.

HUNDREDS OF DESIGNS IN STOCK.

Hand-embroidered Fine Linen Sheets & Pillow Covers.



No. G4.
Sheets.—2 by 3½ yards, 27/9 each; 2½ by 3½ yards, 35/9 each; 3 by 3½ yards, 44/3 each sheet.
Pillow Covers.—20 by 30 in., 8/3 each; 22 by 32 in., 8/11 each; 27 by 27 in., 10/- each cover.

108, 110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.
175, 176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.

BELFAST. DUBLIN. LONDON. NEW YORK, U.S.A. MELBOURNE.

GAINS 2 STONE 10 IN 40 DAYS.

Remarkable Results of the New Tissue-Builder, Sargol, in Many Cases of Run-Down Men and Women

Prove it Yourself by Sending Coupon Below for a 2/6 Packet Free.

"My word! I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Sargol, for the building-up of weight and lost nerve force. It acted more like a miracle than a medicine," said a well-known gentleman yesterday, in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition. "I began to think that there was nothing on earth that could make me fat. I tried tonics, digestives, heavy eating diet, milk, stout, and almost everything else you could think of, but without result."



SARGOL WILL MAKE YOU NICE AND PLUMP.

"I had been thin for years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable results brought about by the use of Sargol, so I decided to try it myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now I think it is somebody else. I have put on just 2 stone 10 during the last month, and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

Sargol is a powerful inducer of nutrition, increases cell-growth, makes perfect assimilation of food, increases the number of blood corpuscles, and as a necessary result builds up muscle and solid, healthy flesh, and rounds out the figure.

For women who can never appear stylish in anything they wear, because of their thinness, this remarkable treatment may prove a revelation. It is a beauty-maker as well as a form-builder and nerve-strengthenener. Men increase their nerve power as well as adding many pounds of good, healthy flesh.

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. It is absolutely non-injurious to the most delicate system. The Sargol Company will send to anyone who sends name and address a free 2s. 6d. package of Sargol, with instructions, to prove that it does the work. They will also send you their book on "Why You Are Thin," free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you. Send coupon below to-day, with your name and address.

FREE SARGOL COUPON.

This Coupon entitles any thin person to one 2/6 package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Food (provided you have never tried it, and that 3d. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, and so forth). Read our advertisement printed above, then put 3d. in stamps in the letter to-day with this Coupon, and the full 2/6 package will be sent you by return of post.

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MILES' 3 STAR



Famous for its delicious and appetising flavour.
Supplied direct from our factory

IN SIDES OF ABOUT 45 lb.
Unsmoked ... 8½d. per lb.
Smoked ... 9d. per lb.

Sample piece, about 12 lb., smoked or unsmoked, 9d. per lb.

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Contractors to H.M. Government.
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